HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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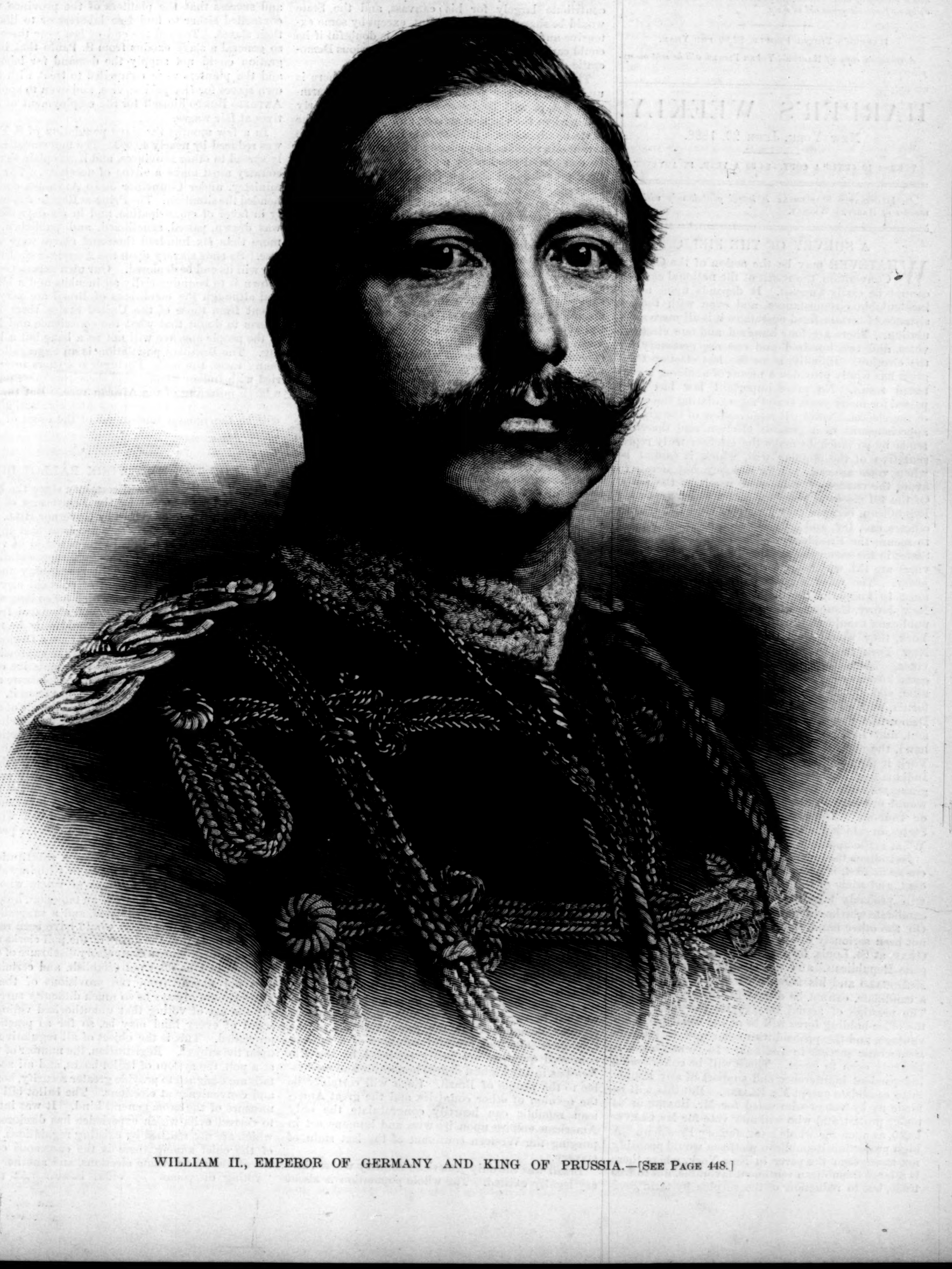

WILLIAM II., EMPEROR OF GERMANY AND KING OF PRUSSIA.—[SEE PAGE 448.]

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NEW YORK, JUNE 23, 1888.

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An ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *is issued gratuitously with this number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A SURVEY OF THE FIELD.

WHATEVER may be the action of the Chicago Convention, the result of the national election cannot be easily forecast. It depends upon many incalculable circumstances, and even with the assistance of certain fixed postulates it is all mere speculation. There are four hundred and one electoral votes, and two hundred and one are necessary for the election. Happily, since the last election Congress has wisely provided a means of avoiding a contested result. No more important law has been passed for many years than that regulating the count of the electoral votes. It removes one of the gravest apprehensions of a general election, and therefore tends by so much to make the election truly representative of the popular will, which it cannot be when votes are cast, not for a policy, but merely to avoid the chance of a disputed result at the polls. Of the 401 electoral votes the States which are called Republican, because they generally elect Republican officers, cast 182, and only nineteen more are needed to secure the Presidency. The certain Democratic States in the same way are the "solid South," whose votes are 153, which are forty-eight less than a majority. The votes necessary to make a majority must be found in the doubtful States, New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, and Indiana. If the Republicans should secure the thirty-six votes of New York, they would elect their candidate. But with New York the Democrats would still lack twelve votes. These they might find in Indiana, which casts fifteen votes, or in New Jersey, which casts nine, and either Connecticut, with its six, or California, with eight. But without New York the sure Democratic States, even with New Jersey, Connecticut, and Indiana, could not elect. On the other hand, the sure Republican States could spare New York if they could get Indiana and Connecticut, or Indiana and New Jersey, or Indiana and West Virginia, with six. But Connecticut and New Jersey would not save the Republicans without New York or Indiana. These, therefore, are the important States, in which the campaign will be concentrated. What is the apparent situation there?

In Indiana the independent vote, which was considerable in 1884, is generally alienated from the President, and some of the strongest independent leaders will probably take the Republican stump for any candidate who has been mentioned except Mr. BLAINE. On the other hand, the Democrats in Indiana have not been seriously disappointed by the defeat of Mr. GRAY at St. Louis, for he is what is called "a renegade Republican," and was strongly opposed by Mr. MCDONALD and his friends, while Mr. THURMAN, as a candidate, cannot be distasteful to any Democrat. The prestige of actual Democratic ascendency and the office-holding force will be of the usual party advantage, and the probabilities seem now to indicate Democratic success in Indiana. In New York it is less easy even to guess. There will be considerable independent indifference and support of any Republican candidate except Mr. BLAINE. But this will be made up by voters who voted for Mr. BLAINE in '84 under protest, and who will now vote for Mr. CLEVELAND, as upon the whole a satisfactory President. A high protection Republican platform would probably not strengthen the party in New York, where there is a large Republican sentiment favorable, not to free trade, but to reduction of the surplus by tariff revision. Mr. PATRICK FORD, who is a weighty authority with Republican leaders in New York, says that New York is really a Democratic State, that the free-trade mugwumps and prohibitionists are gone, that the only way in which the Republicans can carry New York is by recruiting outside of the party, that BLAINE is the only candidate who can rally 50,000 "Irish-Americans and working-men," and that if BLAINE is not nominated, the party is defeated. But if BLAINE should be nominated, Mr. FORD is sure of his election, and that the Irish who voted for him would be henceforth Republicans, in the place of hateful mugwumps and prohibitionists, and other purists, Pharisees, and traitors. Mr. BLAINE would undoubtedly get a larger Irish vote in New York than any other Republican who has been mentioned, but he would lose a great many Republican votes that were cast for him in 1884, and he would certainly not recover any of the independent CLEVELAND votes of that year. The protected interests would possibly contribute largely for his canvass, and the State would be sharply contested. But, except by some extensive and extraordinary dicker, it is doubtful if he could carry it, unless there should be a serious Democratic defection.

This is possible, although not probable. There is undoubtedly some positive Democratic lukewarmness, but it will be overcome by the usual party spirit when the election arrives, and probably by the State nominations. If Governor HILL should desire a renomination, as he probably will, it will doubtless be considered good party policy to propitiate rather than provoke him and his friends. But should the Governor be renominated he would be opposed by journals and voters who would support Mr. CLEVELAND, and that would produce a demoralization injurious to the Democratic national ticket. Another incalculable force is the public feeling in regard to the President's message. There are Republicans who insist that there has been no popular Democratic response to it, and that the acquiescence of the State Conventions and the renomination are due to party discipline and the necessity of the case. Certainly the vote of Oregon is significant as sustaining this view. There are evidently many conditions to be considered, the influence of which cannot yet be estimated, before speaking confidently of the result of the election. Several prominent independents in Brooklyn who voted for Mr. CLEVELAND in 1884 are reported to have said that they are awaiting the action of the Chicago Convention before deciding upon their course, feeling that it has a great opportunity which it may improve. Probably with a platform of moderate tariff views, and a wise policy and tone upon the suffrage question, and an unequivocal declaration in regard to reform in the civil service, and then a candidate who did not give the lie to the platform, they would support him upon the ground that if such a sign of a changed spirit were made, the Republican party would be a better political agency than the Democratic. But the trouble with this speculation we have already mentioned. It is that a Republican candidate who should distinctively represent an anti-BLAINE and really reform tendency and purpose would be defeated, as DAVENPORT was defeated in New York in 1885, by the action of Republicans themselves. In this situation absolute confidence and boasting on either side are foolish. The course of the Republicans since their defeat in 1884 has certainly not tended to regain the confidence of the Republicans of that year who voted for Mr. CLEVELAND. We shall be pleasantly surprised if the action of the Chicago Convention makes a step in that direction.

EMANCIPATION IN BRAZIL.

WHILE the Emperor of Brazil has been lying at the point of death in Europe, the most important event of his reign has occurred in Brazil, by authority of the Princess Regent in the Emperor's name. On the 13th of May the Regent announced that she had sanctioned the following law:

> "ARTICLE I. From the date of this law slavery in Brazil is declared extinct.
>
> "ARTICLE II. The dispositions to the contrary are revoked."

This is comprehensive and complete, and it is in accord with the character of the Emperor. It is an event which, according to the papers of Rio de Janeiro, is pre-eminently popular in character, and was effected by popular movements and influence. The emancipation movement has been active for ten years, but it has increased with unexpected rapidity within six months, and the almost unanimous support of the bill in the General Assembly, the spontaneous popular demonstrations, the prompt action of the Chambers, and the peaceful solution of a bitterly contested question are justly regarded by the Rio *News* as in the highest degree honorable and creditable to the people of Brazil. Such will certainly be the opinion of other countries, and the great American republic can heartily congratulate the only American empire upon its wise and humane act in purging the Western continent of the last stain of slavery.

Brazil was the only American country where slavery legally existed. The whole population is about ten millions, and in 1850 the number of slaves was estimated at two millions and a half. But an estimate at the end of 1882 made the probable number only about 750,000, who mainly belonged to the coffee planters of Bahia, Minas, Rio de Janeiro, and São Paulo. A law of gradual emancipation was passed in 1871. But it was badly administered, and no proper provision was made for the children born free of slave women. The slave system, however, was demoralized, and a vigorous agitation was maintained by Messrs. DANTAS, JOSÉ BONIFACIO, NABUCO, and others, in the Chambers, and by popular leaders. But it was the spontaneous revolt of the province of Ceará against carrying captured slaves to the coasting steamers which almost totally freed that province in 1885, and subsequently the province of Amazonas. The chief incentive to the final act was due, according to the *News*, to the initiative of ANTONIO BENTO, "an obscure lawyer in the city of São Paulo." He "ran off" the plantation slaves with such assiduity and success that the planters of the province were compelled either to find free laborers or to liberate their slaves. Toward the end of last year there was so general a slave exodus from S. Paulo that immigration could not supply the demand for laborers, and the planters were compelled to treat with their own slaves for free paid service, and even to apply to ANTONIO BENTO himself for the employment of fugitives at fair wages.

In a few months the slave population of S. Paulo was reduced by nearly 40,000. The movement rapidly spread to other provinces, and it was plain that the country must make a virtue of necessity. The new ministry, under Councillor JOÃO ALFREDO, comprehended the situation. The Princess Regent was warmly in favor of emancipation, and in six days the bill was drawn, passed, sanctioned, and published, and more than six hundred thousand slaves were made free. So ends slavery upon the American continent; nor will its end be deplored. Our own experience has shown it to be industrially an incubus and a blight; and although the conditions of Brazil are very different from those of the United States, there is no reason to doubt that what the conscience and heart of the people approve will not be a bane but a blessing. The Brazilian population is an aggregation of many races, the early Portuguese settlers intermarried with Indian women, and there was subsequently a large mingling of the African race. But the step now taken is one of harmony and civilization, and will be the noblest monument of the reign of Dom PEDRO II.

VETO OF THE NEW YORK BALLOT BILL.

THERE has been a moral certainty since the ballot reform bill was passed by the Legislature of New York that it would be vetoed by Governor HILL. Indeed, it would have been a safe prophecy that any bill providing for a real political reform would be vetoed by him. Governor HILL is a signal representative of the political unintelligence, the reactionary and obstructive disposition, the want of political elevation and sympathy with progress, which for so long a time seemed to dominate his party, and alienated from it the favor of the country. It would only be necessary that the Governor's remark, "I am a Democrat," should be accepted in good faith as the expression of the fact that he is a distinctive representative of the spirit, aims, and methods of his party to assure a permanent alienation of public confidence from it. The Governor's veto of the ballot bill has the air of a desperate effort to find excuses for a foregone conclusion. In any bill providing for a new method of election, to prevent tampering with the ballot, and to secure an honest result at the polls, there will be always defects of detail which are not vital and are easily remediable. There was plenty of time to amend the ballot bill in any important particular before it became operative if the Governor had sympathized with its purpose. The objections which he urges are pretexts rather than reasons.

The bill omitted to provide for a substitution of candidates in the event of death or withdrawal, and for verifying the qualifications of voters who sign nominating papers. This was an omission, however, which could be easily supplied, and a suggestion of the Governor to that effect would have been respected. He finds that the duties of the poll-clerks are so defined as to produce a compulsory disclosure of votes. But this fact he does not establish, and certainly it does not appear from the provisions of the bill. There should always be so much difficulty surrounding the act of voting that unauthorized voting and fraud of every kind may be, so far as practicable, prevented. This is the object of all regulative laws upon the subject. Registration, the number of voters at a poll, the system of ballot-boxes, and all such details are designed to provide greater security, honesty, and convenience at elections. The ballot bill was a measure of the same general kind. It was intended to correct evils which experience has disclosed, and which are not reached by existing regulations. One of the chief among them is the enormous corrupt use of money to vitiate elections, and another is the "voting of voters" by venal bosses. At present whole blocks of votes are sold like merchandise. The venality of a great deal of voting in the city of New York is as capital a crime against the ballot and the public welfare as the suppression of votes in any precinct in any Southern State.

This evil must be remedied, and the ballot bill was the result of the careful reflection of experienced men and able lawyers of all parties. It was aimed at abuses which every good citizen acknowledges and deplores. Its defects were not vital, nor so irremediable as to justify a veto. Its approval would have greatly promoted honest and fair elections, and the Governor's action has postponed the relief of the community from notorious and dangerous abuses. If the Democratic party by the renomination of Governor Hill should prove the truth of his phrase "I am a Democrat," it would seriously injure its chances of carrying the State of New York in November.

FREDERICK THE GOOD.

The Emperor of Germany died amid the universal and unaffected sympathy of Christendom. The story of no monarch will be told with more admiration than his, for no hero of history or romance is a nobler figure of patience in prolonged and hopeless suffering, or of more faithful devotion to a lofty conception of duty. The circumstances of his accession, his brief reign, and the happy prospect for his country which his character, his wisdom, and his courage forecast must endear him to his countrymen more than any German ruler since the half-fabulous Hermann, and it is probably true that no monarch was ever more sincerely mourned. Henceforth he will be known as Frederick the Good, a higher and more illustrious name than that of his famous predecessor, Frederick the Great.

He was not long enough upon the throne to inaugurate a policy. But his modest and singular intelligence, aided by that of his wife, had brought him into sympathy with the spirit of his age, and the general anticipation of a liberal government constantly in harmony with the best instincts and desires of the people was founded upon his known disposition. The affection and enthusiasm which are lavished upon a ruler who is believed to be in such sympathy with his people might well indicate to every such personage the true way to happy renown. But men are the creatures if not the victims of their temperaments, and it does not follow that the Crown-Prince who succeeds to his father's throne will even care to succeed him in his policy or views.

Indeed, it has been supposed that the young man is essentially a soldier, and that what is called military glory will be more fascinating to him than the glory of peace. But so long as Bismarck lives the young sovereign will be probably restrained. By the readiness of Germany for war, as Mr. Schurz pointed out in his discourse upon the old Emperor, the peace of Europe has been maintained. Moreover, the death of Frederick consecrates his general policy in the popular mind, and his son cannot escape paying a certain deference to it. He will be aware of a regretful apprehension from his accession. He will be conscious of the comparison that will be made, and it may yet be his ambition not only to sit upon the throne, but to fill his father's place in the heart of Germany and the honor of the world.

A CORRECTION.

In a recent article upon the Hale investigating committee we stated that the National Civil Service Commission had modified the rules in order to permit the reinstatement of McElwee, who had been dismissed by the Appraiser, as he testified, for insubordination and drunkenness. We now learn that the rules were not so modified by the Commission, and we regret extremely that the Weekly should have made an incorrect statement so discreditable to the Commission.

We gladly take this occasion to say that the official conduct of the Commission, so far as it is known to us, is marked by perfect good faith and intelligence. Its range of duty is limited to the administration of the law, which affects but a small part of the service, and there is no reason known to us to doubt that its functions are discharged as ably and fairly as those of any department of the public service. Its proceedings are of a kind which do not challenge public attention. But any remissness or violation of trust would be eagerly remarked and exposed. Having ourselves, upon what we considered adequate reasons, made such an imputation, it is authoritatively denied, and the prompt denial justifies the belief that any similar statement would be equally erroneous.

The Commission, at the President's request, has now submitted a reclassification of the public employés. This is very desirable, as the present classification is greatly confused, and leaves doubtful the actual inclusion of many places in the service subject to the rules. It is stated also that the President is considering the advisability of including the railway mail service in the classified system. This would be a measure of genuine reform, which has been strongly urged by the National League. At present this most important branch of the service is made the prey of members of Congress and local politicians, who are interested not in a prompt and efficient service, but in their own political and personal advantage. We should be glad to see the President defending this department of the public service from the incursions and depredations of politicians.

A SLIP.

By a curious slip, one sentence in our article last week upon the St. Louis platform reversed entirely its meaning. In speaking of the St. Louis plank upon civil service reform we meant to say that, "unlike" the Chicago Republican platform of 1884, it was a vague and meaningless generality. But the essential "un" vanished, leaving a censure of the Republican platform. We have, however, so often said that the declaration of that year and platform was in itself entirely satisfactory, that we call attention to the slip only that the "record" may be consistent.

THE ELECTION OF 1876.

A correspondent in Connecticut asks for the facts of the disputed election of 1876. In general they were as follows: The undisputed electoral votes were 184 for Tilden and Hendricks, and 172 for Hayes and Wheeler. The result depended upon the votes that should be finally accepted from Louisiana and Florida, and upon the one disputed vote in Oregon. The Florida Returning Board threw out the votes of certain precincts and counties, and declared a Republican majority of 926. The Supreme Court of the State ordered the Board to declare the result upon the face of the returns without throwing any out. Before this order could be obeyed the Republican electors met and voted.

In Louisiana the Republican Returning Board refused to add a Democrat to their number, as the law required, refused to canvass all the votes in public, and after many changes in the returns, at length declared a Republican majority of about 4000. The Democrats claimed upon the face of the returns a majority of 8000. McEnery, claiming to be Governor, gave the Democratic electors a certificate of election. In Florida the Attorney-General, as one of the Returning Board, signed the Democratic certificate. In Oregon, as one of the three Republican electors who were elected was a federal office-holder, the Governor certified two Republicans and one Democrat as electors. The Secretary of State, who was *ex officio* the canvassing officer of the State, certified the election of three Republican electors. These certificates came to a Congress of which one House was Democratic and the other Republican, and it was evident that they would not agree upon any joint rule for counting the vote. Some Republicans held that the Vice-President, a Republican, could decide which certificate to accept. Some Democrats insisted that the House, which was Democratic, could decide when the emergency had arisen in which it might elect the President.

The public peril was very great, and there was apparently no possibility of a pacific solution, when an Electoral Commission was created by the act of January 27, 1877, to consist of five members chosen by the House, five by the Senate, and five by the Supreme Court, whose decision should be final unless reversed by the decision of both Houses. The Commission decided to give the thirteen doubtful votes to the Republican candidates. The House voted to reject in each case, but the Senate did not concur, and after four o'clock on the morning of March 2d, the election of Hayes and Wheeler, by 185 votes to 184 for Tilden and Hendricks, was announced and sustained, and they were duly inaugurated on the 4th. The best brief account is that of Alexander Johnston, in his *Hand-book History of American Politics*. Harper's Weekly held then and holds now that there had been so much intimidation, bribery, fraud, and suppression that it was absolutely impossible to know what the vote really was, and that under the circumstances the only way to avoid civil convulsion was to agree upon some such scheme of settlement as was adopted. Its adoption, and the peaceful carrying out of the decision, was one of the greatest triumphs of patriotism in our annals.

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

The late James Freeman Clarke was the friend of Emerson and Margaret Fuller, of Sumner and Andrew, the earnest friend and champion of liberty in every form, but so reasonable, so mild, so generous, with all his firmness and independence, that he was himself the best argument of his cause. He was early settled as a Unitarian minister in Louisville, and after some years returned to Boston, where he remained one of the eminent figures of his Church until the end. His literary tastes were delightful, and his literary accomplishments various and extensive. He wrote much and always well, and with Emerson and William Henry Channing he was the author of the *Life of Margaret Fuller*, whom he knew intimately.

The catholicity of his mind, his broad humanity, and his clear good sense made him an admirable preacher. He was firm in his own faith, while perfectly tolerant of that of others, and he had that genuine independence which springs from the disposition that Roger Williams called soul liberty. In the fullest sense he was a good man and a good citizen. He illustrated the best qualities of the New-Englander as modified by the modern spirit, a character which it is sometimes thought is disappearing.

He showed to young men the worth and power of independence in politics as in all other departments of activity. With no loss of the dignity of his profession, he sometimes attended a political convention, regarding it not as a conclave to bind his vote against his judgment, but as a council of deliberation in whose recommendation the majority must prevail, but which leaves individual action free. He frankly declared the divine right of bolting, and upon proper occasion he quietly exercised it. Such a man is politically more serviceable to a community than a hundred who worship a party as a fetich, and are prouder of subservience to party than to principle. The death of James Freeman Clarke is the loss of a moral force to the community in which he lived, but the memory of so sweet and strong and faithful a man is a perpetual inspiration to continue his good work.

"BEN-HUR" AND "BEN-ELI."

The attention of General Lew Wallace having been called to the fact that the Rev. W. D. Mahan, of Boonville, Missouri, had published a book professing to be the translation of an ancient manuscript, and giving the story of Ben-Hur as the story of Ben-Eli, the General wrote a letter, stating that he was engaged for six years in the composition of *Ben-Hur*, which was published by the Harpers in 1880, and he also states that Mahan took his pretended translation of the MS. of *Ben-Eli* from *Ben-Hur*.

General Wallace proceeds:

> "Intelligence of Mahan's book reached me while I was in Constantinople. Discerning the importance of the matter, less to myself than the whole Christian world, I at once addressed the Imperial Minister of Public Instruction, obtained the necessary authority to make examination of the library of the Mosque of St. Sophia, and organized a commission for the purpose, by whom exhaustive search was made, *and none of the works claimed by Mahan as of that library were found there.* Neither could the examiners find a trace of them, or that they had ever been in the ancient repository. The commission conducting the search was composed of an official representing the Ministry of Public Instruction; Mr. Alexander Garguilo, Official Interpreter of the American Legation in Constantinople; Rev. Dr. Long, Professor of Robert College (American) at Hissar, above the capital; and Rev. Dr. Elias Riggs, for fifty years a missionary in the East from the United States, long connected with the American Bible House in Stamboul, and translator of the Bible into a number of Eastern languages. These learned and able gentlemen concluded their labor with certificates, which I have, to the effect that works of the kind claimed by Mahan as of that library, the MS. of *Ben-Eli* included, were not there, and had never been."

The General concludes by saying that several gentlemen of the Church to which Mahan belongs, the Presbyterian, upon hearing the General's statements, preferred charges against Mahan, who did not appear before the Board appointed for his trial. But he was convicted both of plagiarism and lying, and was suspended from the ministry. The General refers his correspondent to Rev. James Martin, of Marshall, Missouri, who was officially connected with the trial. His disposition of the whole matter is very summary and conclusive.

PERSONAL.

Two ladies who died a week ago up in Orange County were over one hundred years old. Mrs. Phebe Luck Daniels was one hundred and three, having been the mother of thirteen children; Mrs. Margaret Foran, who was one hundred and ten, had six children.

—Fred Douglass, now nearly eighty years old, is to go upon the stump this fall as a speaker in behalf of the Republican ticket.

—The first President of New York's noted Arion Society, John Otto Hundt, died last week. He was for years a leader among the German citizens of the metropolis, and had much to do in shaping that political independence which has of late years characterized the German voters in New York. He was a veteran of the Mexican war.

—Marion, in Massachusetts, is expecting Mrs. Cleveland again as a visitor this summer.

—A twenty-five-pound salmon was caught last week in the Connecticut River at Lyme, the largest taken from those waters in many years.

—Senator Hiscock is said to read every new American novel as soon as published.

—Queen Victoria's celebration of her sixty-ninth birthday calls to mind the fact that only four of England's rulers have attained a greater age. Queen Elizabeth lived till she was seventy; William IV. scored seventy-two; George II. enjoyed still five years more; while George III. was not out of the race till two-and-eighty had been reached.

—Mrs. Patti Syle Collins, the Dead-letter Office's expert on blind handwriting, reads all written languages readily except Russian and Chinese. The reason she has never learned these two is, she says, because few Russian letters reach this country, while Chinese addresses are usually written so neatly and plainly that they can be readily deciphered without the need of expert work.

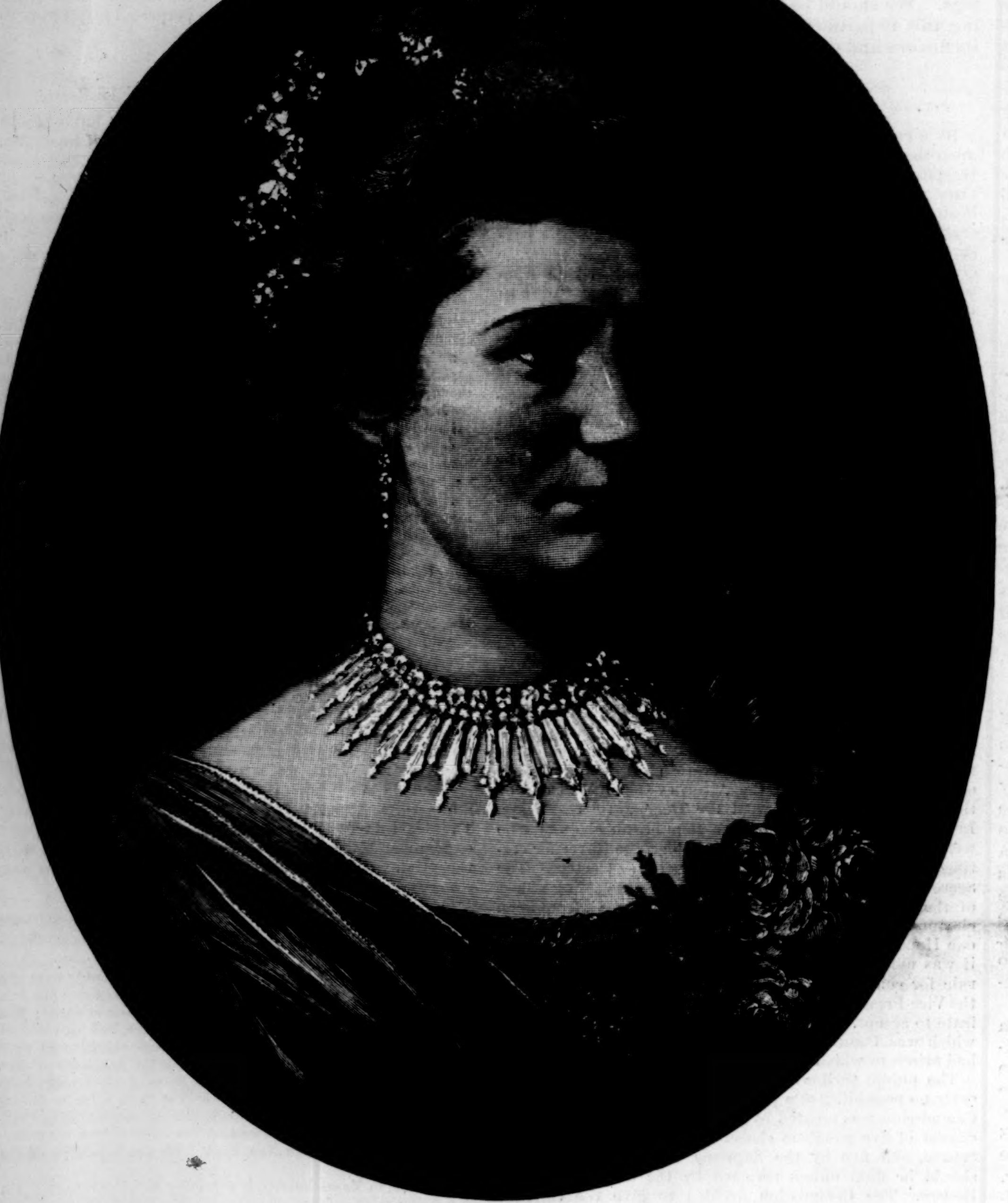
—Thomaston, Georgia, boasts a colored resident, in the person of one William Brown, who claims to be the father of forty-seven children, forty of whom are alive. The patriot is now living with his sixth wife.

—Jesse R. Grant has been travelling through Mexico as the representative of New York capitalists who propose to invest largely in Mexican mining properties. He says he found regret expressed by business men all over Mexico that the Mexican reciprocity treaty failed to become a law.

—E. P. Roe, whose pen is never idle, and whose heart is ever open, has been playing the host to his brethren of the metropolis, providing the joy of an excursion on the Hudson to his home at Cornwall, where was a feast that made every author glad that he was a mere mortal with an appetite.

—Columbia College distinguishes itself by conferring its first degree of Bachelor of Arts upon a female graduate, Miss Alice Louise Pond, who, pursuing her studies at home, was still able, in competition with the male students of her class, to achieve the honor of a "high stand." In Greek and mathematics—this is particularly interesting to a class of people who declare that girls are not capable in such directions—Miss Pond stood especially high.

—Mr. William Henry Smith, who has just engineered the consolidation of three prominent Washington newspapers of different politics, the result of the combination to be one independent paper, with morning and afternoon editions, is prominently known as the general manager of the Associated Press. He is fifty-four years old, and possesses an almost unlimited capacity for work. Ever since his graduation from college he has been engaged in journalism, and his prominent connection at one time with the Cincinnati *Gazette* has led many to erroneously suppose that he is a brother of Mr. Richard Smith, one of the proprietors of that paper, and the "wicked deacon" of newspaper fame. He was twice elected Secretary of State for Ohio—once on the ticket with Governor Hayes—and, as Collector of the port of Chicago, unearthed certain frauds of undervaluation in the Custom-house which at the time caused quite a sensation.



AUGUSTA VICTORIA, EMPRESS OF GERMANY.

THE LATE EMPEROR FREDERICK.

The late German Emperor will be remembered, not as Frederick III., but as Crown Prince Frederick William; not as Kaiser, but as Unser Fritz. For his limited lease of power has been, properly speaking, not a reign, but an interregnum. On the other hand, his long years of preparation for assuming the crown which he was destined to wear only in the presence of death have been with him years not simply of development as an individual and a future ruler, but also of effectual effort in fostering the growth of Germany as a nation. His honorable career as a soldier in three wars is a matter of record. His part in the social and political development of his country was more indefinite, but no less positive. It consisted to a great extent in influence unofficially exercised; for until within comparatively recent years he had little share in affairs of state. Germany is pervaded with the military spirit. His advocacy of peace at any honorable price directly opposed the course to which unrestrained militarism would lead. The German army is a heavy draft upon the nation's energies. He encouraged, as far as lay within his power, all forms of industrial enterprise. His abundant popularity with both North and South Germans was a distinct factor in counteracting the sectional feeling which the enthusiasm excited by the success of the German arms in the war with France was insufficient to subdue. The creative powers of the nation are absorbed in its material progress. He was a devoted patron of art and letters. Lastly, even if his sympathy with the desire on the part of a large class in Germany for greater constitutional freedom did not lead him to form opinions so advanced as was popularly supposed, yet the mere fact that such was the prevalent idea in regard to the future ruler's sentiments was a potent factor in German politics. For the opposition of Liberals to the narrower views of the late Emperor William was held in abeyance by respect for his personality, appreciation for his achievements, and the hopes centred upon his son. It was the latter's fatal malady alone which cast into the background the political significance of his accession to the throne.

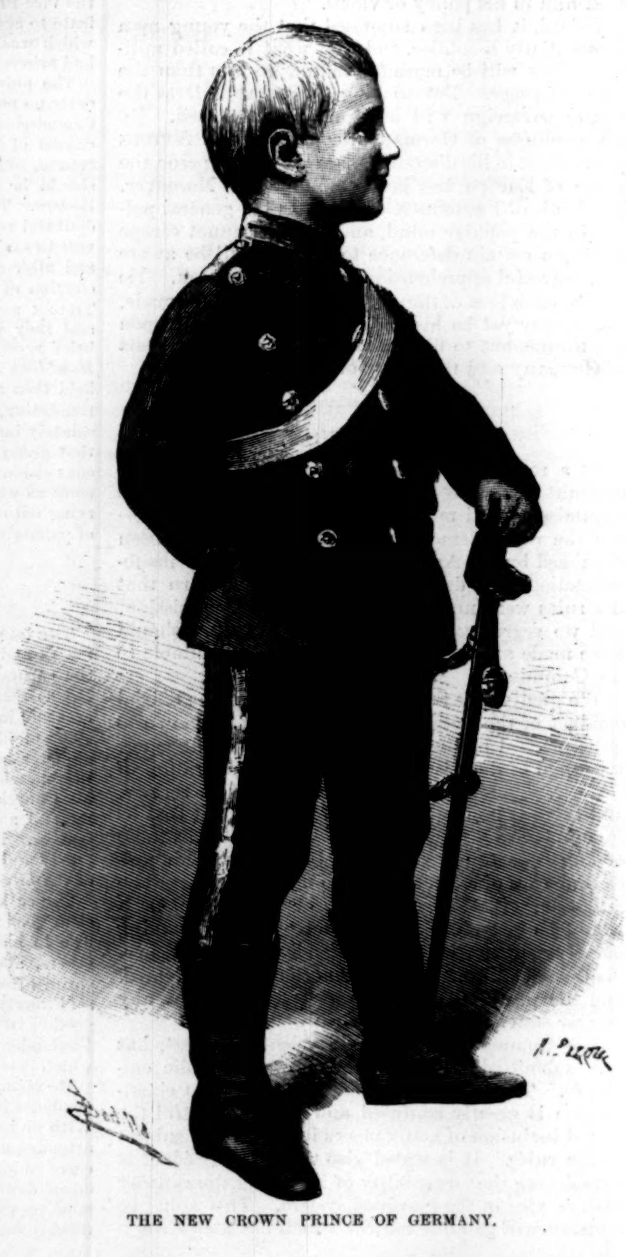
Frederick III. (Friedrich Wilhelm Nicolaus Karl von Hohenzollern) was born in the New Palace at Potsdam, October 18, 1831—the anniversary of the battle of Leipsic. In accordance with the traditions of his House, he began his military training early in life, and on his tenth birthday entered the First Regiment of Foot-Guards as Second Lieutenant. In 1849 he was promoted to the rank of First Lieutenant. When he came of age on his eighteenth birthday, he said to the representatives of his native town, who had brought him their congratulations: "I am still young, but I shall prepare myself for my high vocation with devotion and with diligence, endeavoring with all earnestness to fulfil the hopes which I recognize as an obligation laid upon me by God." His studies kept equal pace with his training as a soldier; and one of his first tutors was Dr. Ernst Curtius, now a professor in the University of Berlin. In 1854 his father, who had already recognized the talents of Colonel von Moltke, appointed him as adjutant to his son. The Prince, then twenty-two years old, had completed a regular course at the University of Bonn, spent a winter in studying the art treasures of Italy, and advanced several degrees in military rank, first as Captain, then as Major, and finally as Colonel. Von Moltke was fifty-two years old; but the difference in their ages was no barrier to the friendship which sprang up between teacher and pupil. The several years of their companionship were occupied with one continuous journey, principally in the Prussian provinces, where the manufacturing centres, mining districts, and the famous battle-fields were visited in turn.

The passion for travel was developed to a high degree in the Prince, and he gratified it during the course of his life by extended tours through every country in Europe. He also visited Egypt and Syria. It is interesting to note some of the impressions made by him in different quarters. The Empress Eugénie wrote of him that he was "a German (as Tacitus might describe him) of chivalrous courtesy, with something of the Hamlet about him." In Italy he was always enthusiastically welcomed, crowds of people often assembling when he arrived at a town, and shouting "Evviva Principe Gugliemo!" He was idolized by the Bavarians. When, after the close of the war with France, he took part in the entry of the victorious troops into Munich, one of the newspapers said of him, "Solidity—the characteristic which has brought our nation such renown—seems incorporated in his person; he is more than a prince; he is a model of the German race." From the date of his first visit to England, in 1851, he completely won all hearts at the English court. Prince Albert wrote: "He has pleased me much. Straightforwardness and candor seem to be his characteristics; he appears to be free from prejudice, and well meaning in a high degree." It is easy to understand the universal sympathy called forth by his painful illness, and the universal sorrow caused by his death.

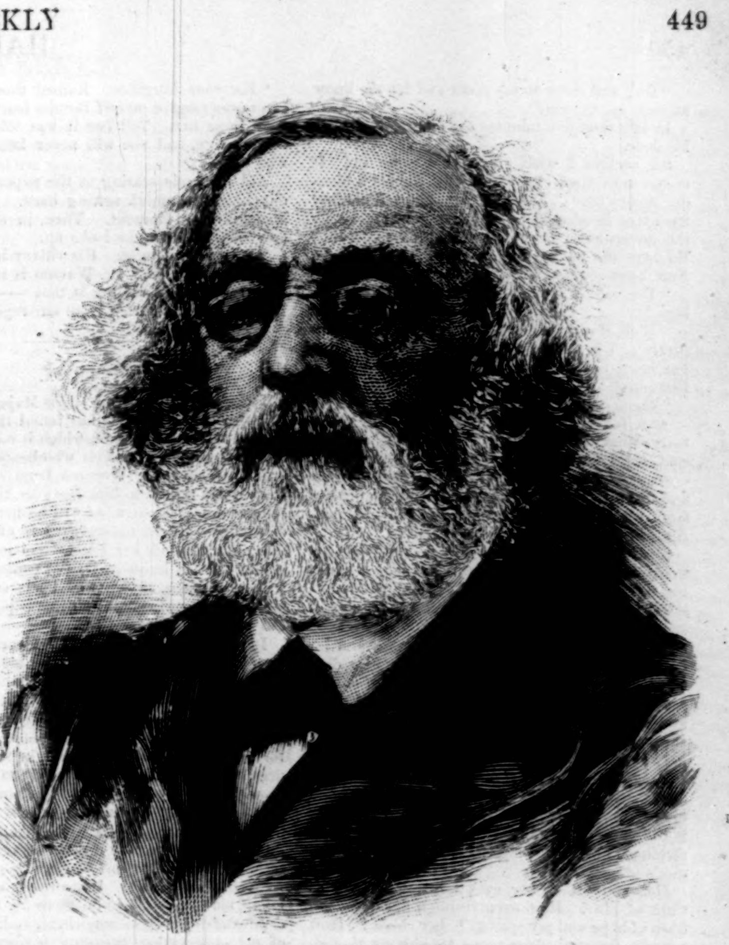
In 1858 he was married to Victoria Adelaide, eldest daughter of Queen Victoria, and now Dowager Empress of Germany. Prince Albert felt great pride in the vigorous, almost masculine mind of his daughter. Her studies, pursued under his direction, gave her a grasp of the science of government unusual in one of her years. There is still preserved a memorandum upon the question of making crown ministers responsible, which she wrote at the age of twenty, and which Prince Albert considered equal in power and insight to the work of an experienced statesman. She was eminently fitted to be the consort of the German Prince, and to exercise a decided influence, as she unquestionably did, upon the growth of his ideas touching all political subjects.

When, in 1861, his father was appointed Regent of Prussia, the Prince, already a Major-General, became elevated to the rank of Lieutenant-General. He gained his first experience of an actual battle in the war with Denmark. He took a leading part in the two wars which followed with Austria and France. In the former it was his section of the army which turned the fortunes of the day at Königgrätz, and in the latter the first victories, those of Wörth and Weissenburg, were gained by the forces under his command. After Sedan his father raised him to the highest rank in the army—that of Field-Marshal. It is as yet impossible to judge to what extent the credit for these campaigns was due to the Crown Prince; but the thorough military training which even one of royal blood in Prussia must undergo before attaining the rank held by the Crown-Prince makes it difficult to believe that he was merely a nominal leader. In the years of peace which followed the establishment of the German Empire he was twice summoned to take an active part in affairs of state. His father, stricken down by the hand of Nobiling in 1878, intrusted him temporarily with supreme authority. He exercised his power with rare tact during this critical period, when the complication of foreign affairs after the Russo-Turkish war was being unravelled in the Berlin Congress, when the problems raised by the Social-Democratic agitation were pressing for a solution, and when the delicate negotiations to adjust the disputes with the Vatican were being carried forward. After his sickness in 1884 Emperor William gave new life to what had once been an important part in the government machinery, the Staatsrath, or Council of State. It was composed of prominent men of all parties, except those whose principles diametrically opposed the existing form of government, and its function was to consider all proposed measures before they were submitted to the Parliament. The Crown Prince was appointed its President. For the first time, with the exception of his short Regency, he stood in intimate relation to affairs of state.

The late Emperor's eldest son, William (Friedrich Wilhelm Victor Albrecht von Hohenzollern), German Emperor and King of Prussia, was born January 27, 1859. His life hitherto has been uneventful, having been passed in the usual round of school and university studies, and a severe course of military training. On his twenty-ninth birthday he was promoted by the late Emperor William to the rank of Major-General. In point of mere intellectual capacity he may be the superior of his father, but he lacks the latter's genial temperament and homeliness of character. He is as much a soldier at heart as was his grandfather, but he is a soldier untempered by the experience of war. He was married, February 27, 1881, to Princess Augusta Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein. His eldest son, Frederick William (Friedrich Wilhelm Victor August Ernst von Hohenzollern), who was born May 6, 1882, becomes, by his father's accession, Crown Prince of Germany.



THE NEW CROWN PRINCE OF GERMANY.



THE REV. JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE, D.D.—[SEE PAGE 451.]

A WAR-TIME WOOING.*

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING, U.S.A.

CHAPTER VIII.

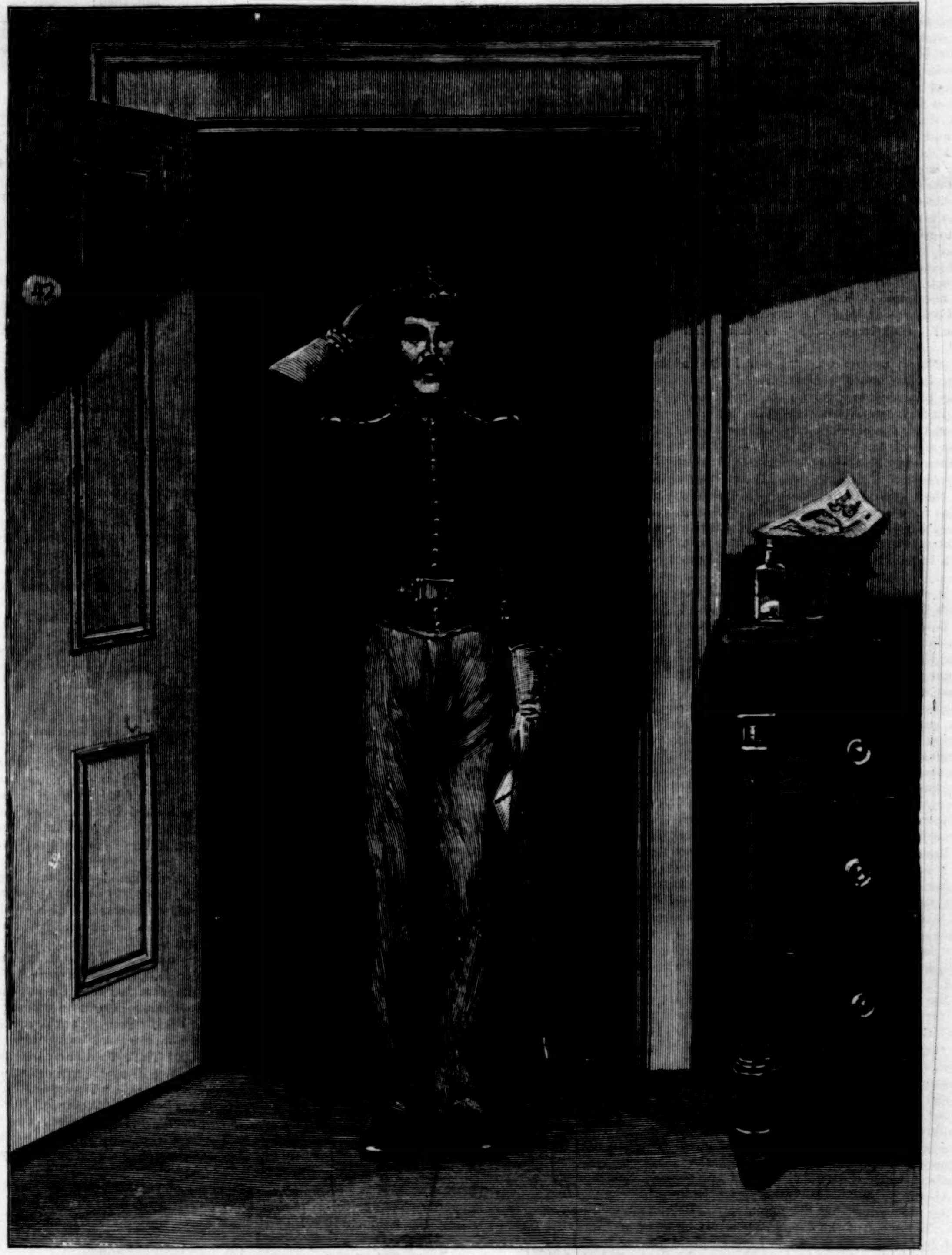
THROWING over his shoulders the cape of his army overcoat, Major Abbot hastens from his room in the direction of the little gallery or veranda at the side of the house. Evening is just approaching, and the lights are beginning to twinkle on the broad avenue below. He has not yet had time to determine upon his course of conduct. If, as he begins to suspect, it is Bessie Warren who received all those guileful letters, his will be a most difficult part to play. He longs to speak with her as well as to see her, but at this moment he knows not what may be expected of him, and, rather than have to inflict mortification or pain upon so sweet a girl, he is almost ready to wish that it had been his privilege to write to her. The fact that her father was so overcome at his denial, the fact that she fainted at sight of him, the fact that her first words on reviving were to the effect that her father had told her Paul Abbot was dead—all seemed to point to the conclusion that she had received love-letters, and that she had become deeply interested in her unseen correspondent. It would be no difficult matter to act the lover, and endorse anything these letters might have said to such a girl, thinks Abbot, as he hastens along the carpeted corridor, but then there is his letter to Viva; there is the fact that he has virtually declined to release her. It is this thought that suddenly "gives him pause," and, at the very moment that he comes to the doorway leading to the veranda, causes him to stop short and reflect.

There is a little sitting-room opening off this hallway. One or two couples are chatting and gossiping therein, but Abbot steps past them to the window and gazes out. As he expected, there is a view of one end of the veranda, and there she stands, looking far out into the gathering night.

A sweeter, lovelier face one seldom sees; so delicate and refined in every feature, so gentle and trusting in its expression. Her deep mourning seems only to enhance her fragile beauty, and to render more observable the grace of her slender form. She leans against the iron trellis-work, and one slim white hand sweeps back the sunny hair that is playing about her temple. Her thoughts are not so very far away. He is standing in the shadow of a curtained niche in a room whose light comes mainly from the flickering coal fire in the grate, for the October evening is chill. She stands where the light from the big lamps at the corner is sufficient to plainly show her every look and gesture. Abbot marks that twice or thrice, as footsteps are heard in the hall, she glances quickly toward the doorway; then that a shade of disappointment gathers on her brow as no one comes. Then, once or twice, timidly and furtively, she casts shy, quick glances aloft and toward the front of the building. It requires little calculation to tell Major Abbot that those glances are toward the window of his room. Then can it be that she is there awaiting him, impatient of his coming?

Whether or no, this is no place for him. He has no business here spying upon her. He has had his look; has seen again the sweet face that so fascinated him. Now, though he could gaze indefinitely, he feels that he should either go forth and meet her openly, or, perhaps better, retire and avoid her entirely. Before he can summon courage to go he turns for one last look, and his course is decided for him.

A footstep, somewhat slow, either from a disposition to saunter on the part of the promenader or possible languor and weakness, is coming along the hallway. She hears it too, and he sees how her white hands clasp the rail of the balcony, and how she turns her bonnie head to listen. Nearer it comes; he cannot see who approaches, because that would involve his stepping back and losing sight of her; and as it nears the doorway he marks her eager, tremulous pose, and can almost see the beating of her heart. She has not turned fully toward the hall, just partially, as though a sidelong glance were all she dared give even in her joyous eagerness. Then a form suddenly darkens the portal, and just as suddenly a shadow of keen disappointment clouds her face. She turns abruptly, and once more gazes wistfully down the street.



"A CAVALRY ORDERLY MAKES HIS APPEARANCE AT THE DOOR."

The next thing Abbot sees is that the man is at her side; that he has accosted her; that she is startled and annoyed; and that although in totally different garb, her caller is no less a person than the secret service official who visited him that morning. What on earth can that mean?

Whatever the conversation, it is very brief. Obedient to some suggestion or request, though not without one more quick glance at his window, Abbot sees her turn and enter the house. Quickly she passes the doorway and speeds along the hall. Regardless of the opinions and probable remarks of the gossipers in the sitting-room, Major Abbot hastens to the entrance and gazes after her until the graceful form is out of sight. Then he turns and confronts the sauntering detective.

"I did not know you knew Miss Warren," he says.

"I don't," is the answer. "Neither do you, do you?"

"Well, we never met before yesterday; but—"

"You never wrote to her, did you, or to her father?"

"Never; and yet I think there is a matter connected with it all that will require explanation."

"So do I. One of the worst points against the old gentleman is that very bad break he made in claiming that you had been a constant correspondent of his and of his daughter's."

"*One* of the worst! Why, what is he accused of?"

"Being a rebel spy—not to put too fine a point upon it."

Abbot stands aghast a moment.

"Why, man, it's simply impossible! I tell you, you're all wrong."

"Wish you'd tell my chief that," answers the man, impassively. "I don't like the thing a particle. They've got points up at the office that I know nothing about, and, probably, have more yet, now; for the package of papers was found upon him just as described from Frederick."

"What papers?"

"Don't know. They've taken them up to the office. That's what makes the case rather weak in my eyes; no man would carry a packet of implicating papers in the pocket of his overcoat all this time. Such a package was handed to him as he left the tavern there by the landlord's wife, and she got it from the rebel spy who escaped back across the Potomac the next morning. He's the man your Colonel Putnam so nearly captured. Dr. Warren broke down on the back trip, it seems, and was delirious here for some days; but even then I should think he would hardly have kept these papers in an overcoat pocket, unless they were totally forgotten, and *that* would look vastly like innocence of their contents, which is what he claimed."

"Do you mean that he knows it? Has he been accused?" asks Abbot.

"Certainly. That's what I came down here for; he wanted his daughter. He is perfectly rational and on the mend now, and as the physicians said he would be able to travel in a day or two, it was decided best to nail him. There are scores of people hereabouts who'll stand watching better than this old doctor, to my thinking; but we are like you soldiers, and have our orders."

"Was my father up there when he was notified of his arrest?" asks Abbot.

"No; Mr. Abbot has gone over to Senator Wilson's. He was met by a messenger while standing in the office awhile ago."

The major tugs his mustache in nervous perplexity a moment. He needs to see the doctor. He cannot rest satisfied now until he has called upon him, assured him of his sympathy, his faith in his innocence, and his desire to be of service. More than that, he longs to tell him that he believes it in his power to explain the whole complication. More and more it is dawning upon him that he has had an arch-enemy at work in this missing Hollins, and that his villany has involved them all.

"Can I see Dr. Warren?" he suddenly asks.

"I don't know. I am not directly in charge, but I will ask Hallett, who is up at the room now."

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1639.

"Do; and come to my room and let me know as soon as you can."

In less than five minutes the officer is down at his door.

"I declare I wish you *would* come up. It seems more than ever to me that there's a blunder somewhere. The old man takes it mighty hard that he should be looked upon as a spy by the government he has suffered so much for. He says his only son was killed; captain in a New York regiment."

"Yes, and I believe it. I knew him at college."

"Well, if that don't beat all! And now that pretty girl is all he has left, and she's breaking her heart because she don't know how to comfort him."

"Come on," says Abbot. "I know the way."

And, for a lame man, he manages to make marvellous time through the hallway and up that little flight of stairs. The room door is open as before. A man is pacing restlessly up and down the hall. There is a sound of sobbing from within, and, never stopping to knock, Paul Abbot throws off his cloak and enters.

She is bending over the bedside, mingling entreaty and soothing words with her tears; striving to induce her raging old father to lay himself down and take the medicine that the panic-stricken nurse is vainly offering. The doctor seems to have but one thought—wrath and indignation that he, the father of a son who died so gallantly, should have been accused of so vile a crime; he has but one desire, to rise and dress and confront his accusers. If ever man needed the strong arm of a son to rest on at this moment, it is poor old Warren. If ever woman needed the aid and presence of a gallant lover, it is this sweet, half-distracted Bessie; and if ever man looked thoroughly fit to fill all requirements, it is the self-same young major of staff who comes striding in and grasping the situation with a soldier's glance.

Heaven! How her eyes light and beam at sight of him! How even through her tears the flush of hope and joy springs to her cheek! How eagerly, trustfully, she turns to him, as though knowing all must now be well!

"Oh, papa, here is Mr. Abbot!" she exclaims, and says it as though she felt that nothing more could ever be needed.

He steps between her and the staring eyes of the old gentleman; bends quickly down over him.

"Yes, doctor. Paul Abbot, whom you thought killed," and he gives him a significant glance—a glance that warns him to say no word that might undeceive her. "I have just had news of this extraordinary charge. I've come to you, quick as legs can carry me, to tell you that you are to lie perfectly still, and rest this burden with me. Don't stir; don't worry; don't say one word. I'm going straight to the provost marshal's to tell them what I know, and explain away this whole thing. A most extraordinary piece of scoundrelism is at the bottom of it all, but I am beginning to understand it fully. Doctor, will you trust me? Will you let me try and be Guthrie to you to-night; and promise me to lie still here until I come back from the provost marshal's?"

"Do, father!" implores Bessie, bending over him too.

There is a look of utter bewilderment in the doctor's haggard face, but he says no word. For a moment he gazes from one to the other, then drops back upon the pillow, his eyes fixed on Abbot's face.

"I am all unstrung, weak as a child," he murmurs. "I cannot understand; but do as you will."

There are voices in the hall; the clink of spurs and sabre; and a cavalry orderly makes his appearance at the door.

"I was to give this to Major Abbot instantly," he says, saluting and holding forth an envelop. Abbot takes and tears it open. The message is brief enough, but full of meaning:

"Your presence necessary here at once to explain the papers found on Dr. Warren. Looks like a case of mistaken identity."

It is signed by the young officer whom he met on the occasion of his last visit.

"I thought so, doctor!" he says, triumphantly. "They are shaky already, and send for me to come. Depend upon it, I'll bring you glad tidings in less than no time, and have an end to these mysteries. Now try and rest."

Then he turns to her. Can he ever forget the trust, the radiance, the restfulness in the shy, sudden look she gives him? His heart bounds with the sight; his pulse throbs hard as he holds forth his hand, and for the first time her soft warm palm is clasped in his.

"Don't worry one bit, Miss Bessie; we'll have this matter straightened out at once."

Then there is a pressure he cannot resist, a shy, momentary answer he cannot mistake, and with his veins all thrilling, Paul Abbot goes forth upon his mission, leaving her looking after him with eyes that plainly say, "There walks a demigod."

At the office he is promptly ushered into the presence of three or four men, two of them in uniform.

"Major Abbot, here is a packet of letters in a lady's hand addressed to you. They were found on Dr. Warren, in the very pocket where he placed the package that was given him at Frederick. Have you lost such, or can you account for them?"

"I can account for them readily," answers Abbot, promptly. "They are mine, written by Miss Warren, and were stolen from me, as I believe. Was there no explanation or address?"

"Nothing but this," is the answer, and the speaker holds forth a wrapper, inside which is written these words:

"For your daughter. Ruined though I am, I can never forgive myself for the fearful wrong I have done her. Tell her it was all a lie. He never wrote, and she will never know the man who did."

Abbot stands staring at the paper, his hands clinching, his mouth setting hard. No word is spoken for a moment. Then, in answer to a courteous question, he looks up.

"It is as I thought. His villany has involved others besides me. Dr. Warren is no more spy than I am. This writing is that —— scoundrel Hollins's, who deserted from our regiment."

CHAPTER IX.

It is late that evening when Major Abbot returns to Willard's. He has found time to write a brief note to the doctor, which it was his intention to send by the orderly who bears the official order releasing the Warrens from surveillance. It suddenly occurs to him, however, that she may see the note. If so, what will be her sensations on finding that the handwriting is utterly unlike that in which all her letters had come to her. Abbot tears it into shreds, and contents himself with a message, saying that he is compelled to see the adjutant-general on immediate business, but will soon be with them.

It is true that the adjutant-general has business with Major Abbot, but it is some time before audience is obtained. There is still a whirl of excitement over Stuart's movements, and it is ten o'clock before the young officer is able to see his chief. The general is courteous, but a trifle formal and cold. Staff-officers, he says, are now urgently needed, and he desires to know how soon the major will feel able to resume duty.

"At once, sir," is the answer.

"But you are still far from strong, and— I do not mean office duty here; we have abundance of material for that sort of work."

"Neither do I, sir. I mean duty at the front. I can sit around head-quarters in the field as comfortably as I can anywhere, and, to the best of my observation, the duty performed by the adjutant-general at corps or division head-quarters is not such as involves much physical exertion."

The general smiles benignantly upon the younger officer, and with the air of a man who would say, "How little you know of the importance and responsibilities of the labors to which we are assigned! but you will soon understand."

"But can you ride yet?" he asks.

"I can, if a forward movement is in contemplation; and every day will bring me strength," answers Abbot. "In brief, general, if you have a post for me at the front, I can go at once."

"One other thing. Have you any idea of the whereabouts of Mr. Hollins of your old regiment, or can you give us any idea as to where he would be likely to go? He has forwarded his resignation, dated Keedysville, Maryland, September 18th. It was post-marked Baltimore, October 8th, and came direct. Of course it cannot be accepted. What is needed is some clew as to his movements. Could he or would he have gone back to Boston? Had he anything to draw him thither?"

Abbot reflects a moment. "I can form no idea where he has gone," he answers.

"It was proposed to send an officer of your regiment back to confer with the police authorities, Major Abbot, and there are reasons why I prefer you should go. A few days' visit at your old home may not be unacceptable, and you can probably render valuable service. I have been told that there is reason to believe that Lieutenant Hollins is lurking somewhere around Boston at this very minute, and that is the first duty on which you are needed. Your instructions can be written later. Now can you go in the morning?"

There is a moment's silence. This is not the duty which Major Abbot expected, nor is it at all what he desires. He wonders if his father has not been in collusion with the Senator, and between the two, if some pretext has not been devised to get him home for a few days. It looks vastly that way.

"I confess that my hopes were in the opposite direction, general. I had visions of immediate employment at the front when you spoke."

The bureau official is evidently pleased. He likes the timber the younger soldier is made of, and his grim, careworn face relaxes.

"Major Abbot, you shall have your wish, and depend upon me, the moment there is prospect of a forward move you shall join a division at the front. Your old colonel will have one this very week if it can be managed here, and he will be glad of your services; but I tell you, between ourselves, that I do not believe McClellan can be made to budge an inch from where he stands until positive orders are given from here. You go—not on leave, but on duty—for a week, and then we'll have work for you in the field. I have promised it."

Then the bewildered young major is notified that his father is waiting for him at the Senator's, and thither he drives, half determined to upbraid them both; but the delight in the old gentleman's face is too much for him. It is nearly eleven when they reach Willard's, and before he will consent to pack his soldier kit, Paul Abbot goes at once to the Warrens' room, and his father follows.

The secret service man has gone. The physician is there and the nurse, both conversing with their patient, when the two gentlemen appear. Major Abbot presents his father, and looks around the room somewhat disappointedly. Despite his excitement of the day, and possibly because of it, Dr. Warren seems in higher spirits and better condition than Abbot has imagined it possible for him to be. The two old gentlemen shake hands, and Mr. Abbot speedily seats himself by the side of the invalid, and frees himself of his impressions as to the extraordinary charges that had been preferred, and his satisfaction at their speedy refutation. The local physician, in low tones, is assuring Major Abbot that a day or two will restore their patient to strength sufficient to journey homeward, and that he believes the "set back" of the early evening will be of no avail if he can get him to sleep by midnight. Abbot hastily explains that he leaves at daybreak for Boston, and had only come in fulfilment of a promise. Then he accosts his father.

"I know we have both a great deal to say to Dr. Warren, father, but it is a pleasure only to be deferred. We must say good-night, so that he can sleep, and will meet in New York next week."

Dr. Warren looks up inquiringly. He is far from willing to let them go, but the physician interposes. They say their adieux, and still Abbot hesitates; his eyes wander to the door which communicates with Bessie's room, and, as though in answer, it opens, and she softly enters.

"I am so glad you have come," he says, in low, eager tone. "Let me present my father;" and the old gentleman bows with courtly grace, and comes forward to take her hand. She is a lovely picture to look at, with the sweet, shy consciousness in her face. The very gaze in Abbot's eyes has sent the color to her brows, and he holds her hand until he has to transfer it to his father's outstretched palm.

"The doctor tells us we must not stay, Miss Bessie," he continues, "but I could not go without a word. I am ordered to Boston by first train in the morning, but shall see you—may I not?—in New York."

Brave as she is, it comes too suddenly—this news that she must part with her knight just as he has done her such loyal service, and before she has even thanked him by look or word. All the radiance, all the bright color, fades in an instant, and Paul Abbot cannot but see it and divine, in part at least, the reason. He has in his pocket letters from her own fair hand, that he knows were written for him, and yet that he has no right to see. He reads in her lovely eyes a trust in him, a pain at this sudden parting, that he thrills in realizing, yet should steel his heart against or be no loyal man. But he cannot go without a word from her, and it is a moment before she can speak:

"Is—is it not very sudden? I shall never thank you enough for what you have done for father—for *us*—this evening. What would we have done without you?"

"That is nothing. There is no time now; but next week—New York—I may see you there, may I not?"

May he not? What man can look in her eyes and ask less? He holds her hand in close pressure one instant, and hastens from the room.

Forty-eight hours later he is in the presence of the woman who had promised to be his wife. The evening has seemed somewhat long. She was out when he called at an earlier hour, but was to be found at a dinner party in the neighborhood. Major Abbot feels indisposed to meet her in presence of "society," and leaves word that he will return at ten o'clock. He finds her still absent, and has to wait. Mr. Winthrop is at his club; Mrs. Winthrop has begged to be excused—she had retired early with a severe headache. She does not want to see me, thinks Abbot, and that looks as though Viva were obdurate. It is a matter that has served to lose its potency for ill, and the major is angered at himself because of a thrill of hope, because of the thought of another face that *will* intrude. It is nearly eleven o'clock when he hears the rumble of carriage wheels at the door. He steps to the front window and looks out upon the pavement. Yes, there is the old family carriage drawn up in front in the full glare of the gas lamp. The footman is opening its door, and Viva Winthrop steps quickly forth, glances up and down the street, as though expectant of some one's coming, and turns quickly to speak to some one in the carriage. Abbot recognizes the face at the open window as that of an old family friend nodding good-night. The footman still stands; but Viva speaks to him; he touches his hat respectfully, but in some surprise, and then springs to his perch; the two ladies nod and exchange cordial good-nights again, and away goes the carriage, leaving Miss Winthrop standing on the sidewalk, where she is still searchingly looking up and down and across the street. As though in answer, there comes springing through the dim light the hulking, slouching, round-shouldered figure of a big man. He is across the street and at her side in a few vigorous leaps, and away as quick as he came. No word has been interchanged, no sign on his part. He has handed her a small white parcel. She has placed in his hand a dark roll of something that he eagerly seizes and makes off with. It all happens before Abbot has time to realize what is going on; then she skurries up the stone steps and rings the bell. His first impulse is to go and open the door himself; but that will produce confusion. She will have no time to dispose of that packet, and Major Abbot will not take advantage of what he has inadvertently seen. He hears the old butler shuffling along the marble hallway, and his deferential announcement.

"Mr. Abbot is in the parlor, Miss Winthrop."

And then he steps forward under the chandelier to meet her.

It is a moment before she enters. Evidently his coming is a shock for which she is unprepared. She comes in with swiftly changing color and lips that tremble despite the unflinching courage of her eyes.

"This is indeed a surprise," she says as she gives him her hand. "Why—when did you come? and how did you come? and how well you look for a man who has had so much suffering!—I mean from your wounds," she finishes, hurriedly. It is all said nervously, and with evident purpose of simply talking to gain time and think. "Won't you sit down? You must be so fatigued. Take this chair, it's so much more comfortable than that one you are getting. Have you seen mamma? No? Why, does she know you are here? Oh, true, she did speak of a headache before I went out. Mrs. Laight and I have been to dinner at the Farnhams', and have just returned. Why didn't you come round there?—they'd have been so delighted to see you. You know you are quite a hero now."

He lets her run on, sitting in silence himself, and watching her. She continues her rapid, nervous talk a moment more, her color coming and going all the time, and then she stops as suddenly. "Of course you can answer no questions when I keep chattering like a magpie."

She is seated now on the sofa facing him as he leans back in one of those old-fashioned easy-chairs that used to find their way into some parlors in the *ante bellum* days. When silence is fully established, and she is apparently ready to listen, he speaks:

"I came to-night, Viva, and to see *you*. Did you get my letter?"

"Your last one, from Washington? Yes. It came yesterday."

"I have come to see the letters."

"What letters?"

"Those which you must have received or been shown in order to make you believe me disloyal to you."

"I have no such letters."

"Did you send them to me, Viva?"

"No."

"What did you do with them?"

She hesitates, and colors painfully; then seeks to parry.

"How do you know I ever saw any letters?"

"Because nothing less could explain your action; nor does this justify it. Still, I am not here to blame you. I want to get at the truth. What did you do with them?"

"They—went back."

"When? Before or after you got my letter?"

No answer for a moment, then:

"Why do you ask that? What possible difference can it make? They were shown me in strict confidence. I had long believed you cared more for another girl than you did for me, and these letters proved it."

"I do not admit that, Viva," is the grave, almost stern reply. "But do you mean that, after receiving my letter, you returned those that I asked for—that I had a right to see?"

"They were called for; and they were not mine to do as I chose with."

"Will you tell me how and by whom they were called for?"

He has risen now, and is standing under the chandelier, drawn to his full height.

"I do not wish to speak of it further. I have told the person that you denied the truth of them, and that is enough."

"I am sorry that you mentioned me to the person, or weighed my statements in any such scale."

"Paul Abbot!" she breaks in impetuously, rising too. "You say you never wrote to this girl, and I believe you; but tell me this: have you never seen her? do you not at this moment care for her infinitely more than you do for me?"

He considers a moment. It is a leading question; one he had not expected; but he will not stoop to the faintest equivocation. Still he wants her to understand.

"Listen, Viva. Up to the time of your letter's coming she was a stranger to me. Now I have met her. She and her father were in the same hotel with us at Washington; and she, too, has been victimized by forged letters as you have."

"Enough, enough! Why not end it where it is? You know well that if you cared for me *that* would be the first assurance. Granted that we have both been cheated, fooled, tricked, why keep up the farce of a loveless engagement? That, at least, must end *now*."

"Even if it should, Viva, I am not absolved from a duty I owe you. It is my conviction that you have been drawn into a correspondence with a man against whom it is my solemn right and duty to warn you at once. You have no brother. For Heaven's sake be guided by what I say. Whatever may have been his influence in the past, you can never in the future recognize Mr. Hollins. If not captured by this time, he is a disgraced exile and deserter."

"He is nothing of the kind! You, and imperious men like you, denied to him the companionship of his brother officers, and his sensitive nature could not stand it. He has resigned and left the service, that is all."

"You are utterly mistaken, Viva. What I tell you is the solemn truth. For your name's sake I implore you tell me what has been his influence in the past. I well know he can be nothing to you in the future, Viva. You are not in communication with him now, are you?"

A ring at the bell. The old butler comes sleepily shuffling along the hall again, and appears at the parlor with a telegram. "They sent it after you, sir," is the explanation. Abbot, with curious foreboding, opens, and hurriedly reads the words:

"Rix also deserted; is believed to have gone to Boston."

"Viva!" he exclaims, "the man you gave that packet to was Rix, another deserter. My God! Do you *know* where Hollins is?"

But Viva Winthrop has fallen back on the sofa, covering her face with her hands.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

REV. JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE, D.D.

Toward the close of the first week of June, at his home at Plainfield, Jamaica Plain, Boston, James Freeman Clarke passed quietly away to his rest. The death of the reverend gentleman did not come as a surprise to those who were near him, for he had been in failing health for some few years past, and some weeks ago the intimations were that the end was not distant. Dr. Clarke had entered upon his seventy-ninth year, having been born at Hanover, New Hampshire, April 4, 1810; and his death was the result of a complication of disorders, partly incident to the infirmities common to persons of advanced years.

Of James Freeman Clarke's ancestry nothing special is recorded. While yet a very young man his circumstances were such that he was able to enter himself at Harvard. He graduated A.B. in the famous class of 1829, having among his classmates such men as Oliver Wendell Holmes and S. F. Smith, the well-known Baptist divine, and author of "My country, 'tis of thee." Clarke followed up his academical studies by a course of theology at the Cambridge Divinity School, graduating in 1833, and almost immediately afterward accepting a call as pastor to the Unitarian church, Louisville, Kentucky, where he remained till 1840. In 1841 he became pastor of the Church of the Disciples, Boston, Massachusetts. Here he labored with acceptance and success until 1850, when he retired for a time from active service. After three years, in 1853, the connection was resumed, and was dissolved only by death.

Dr. Clarke's public career, conditioned as it was by his professional duties and restraints, filled most of the requirements of success. The Church of the Disciples was originally a small down-town chapel in Indiana Place. For years past the congregation has worshipped in a more commodious and more comfortable edifice in what is known as the "Back Bay" district. Able, eloquent when he thought fit, scholarly, but wearing his weight of learning lightly, and holding it in due subjection, always earnest and direct, Freeman Clarke sought to make his teaching tell and produce fruit; and the kind of fruit he most desired to see was practical Christianity—Christianity in action. His church was in consequence—the membership being somewhat mixed, consisting of many of the leading people of the city, with many in humble circumstances—a busy hive, its energies going out in a multiplicity of ways, and seeking through every channel to do good, and to be helpful generally in the cause of social reform. The church reflected the man. It is a striking testimony to the worth of the latter that he was able to labor so long and so successfully among the same people.

His literary labors were abundant. He was a frequent contributor to the periodical literature of his time. His published works, which cover a great variety of subjects, and which are marked by high ability, are many. His first publication of any high pretension was a translation of De Wette's *Theodore*, 1840. Since that date he has kept himself steadily before the reading and thinking public, and has commanded attention as a poet, as a biographer, as a historian, as a critic, and as a skilful expositor in many departments of theology. Seldom has a year passed without some new book from his tireless pen. As late as 1886 he published *Every-day Religion*. Many of his books and tractates, written for a special purpose and intended for immediate effect, although well serving the end for which they were produced, were necessarily only of ephemeral value. Some of his books, however, are of enduring excellence. Not a few of his poetical effusions have found admission to the hymnology of the time; and they are likely to remain. His most ambitious work, and that which is most likely to perpetuate his name, is his *Ten Great Religions*, 1870–1883—a comprehensive, able, and withal conscientious, if not altogether, and in every point, satisfactory survey of a wide and varied field of thought.

THE NEW CHICAGO.

From the first settlement of Chicago her enterprise and material progress have been continuous, but her conservatism, in practical affairs at least, is yet to come. Chicago never has had time to be conservative. Opportunity has thrust itself upon her so frequently and with such insistent force, and the demands of a rapidly settling farm country have clamored so loudly in her business places, that her sagacious men of affairs have had a chance to do little else than rush headlong toward the most wonderful success in American history. Chicago did not have to hew her way to a reluctant and tardy-footed competence; nature supplied the steed and necessity the spur, and thus she rode unresistingly to riches and power.

It was the situation of the city that made Chicago what she is. The head of Lake Michigan was the point of vantage for all the central Western country. In the early days it was the nearest point from which the farmers of Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, and the neighboring States could send their wheat and corn to the markets of the East by way of the Great Lakes. Later, when the railroads competed successfully with the lake vessels, the farmers still went to Chicago with their crops, because there they found the readiest markets, and got the best results of competition in freight rates. For many years Chicago had almost a monopoly of the Western trade. That area of country which is by nature directly tributary to Chicago was settled and cultivated long before the Indians were driven from the far West and Northwest. The advantage thus gained by Chicago was so great that no efforts of rival cities could make headway against her.

As might be expected, this marvellous progress of the young trading centre created in the minds of her inhabitants a confidence that no presage of evil could shake. While the city itself grew without ceasing, this confidence waxed greater and greater, until to-day it is the most distinguishing trait of Chicago character. It is a confidence that takes all things for granted. The Chicago man never willingly admits that things with his city could well be other than they are. Intrenched behind formidable statistics of grain and stock shipments, lumber importations and manufactures, he will demonstrate that there is only one Chicago, and that there never can be another. Whatever the settlement of the Northwestern country may do for the city of Duluth, which is now rising like a cloud in the Northern sky to menace Chicago's supremacy in the matter of water shipments, there can be no question now concerning the reality or genuineness of Chicago's material greatness. As in the matter of lake commerce, so in railroads, Chicago stands at the head and front of American cities.

All railroads lead to Chicago. Whether from the wheat fields and farming lands of the West, the lumber regions of the North, or the coal fields of the East, thousands of cars daily go to Chicago, as to a modern Mecca, to pay tribute to the great Western market. Every bushel of wheat, every cargo of lumber, and every ton of coal pays toll at Chicago's gates. From this toll springs the city's wealth and prosperity. As in the past most of this toll came from the new West, where settlers were building humble homes upon the old foundations of youth and hope, the number of toll collectors and the amount of toll kept pace with the growth of the new States beyond the Mississippi for many years. The increase in the business of Chicago so clearly meant a corresponding growth of its tributary territory that the progress of frontier development for a long time could be accurately gauged by the annual statistics of Chicago's Chamber of Commerce. So long as this region was in the early stages of its development, Chicago got nearly all of its trade at remunerative prices, for the reason that the frontier merchant, who did business on a small capital, and who was therefore compelled to buy goods from day to day as he needed them, could not afford to deal directly with New York. Now that a considerable part of the West has been settled for some time, the local merchant is, in most cases, in a position to benefit by New York competition. Yet even when Kansas merchants went to New York for goods, Chicago had some share in the transaction, for her railroads received something more than half of the transportation charges.

Realizing how profitable the trade of the Western frontier had been, Chicago men were among the first to encourage immigration to the new Northwest. The Chicago commercial traveller followed the railroad builders from station to station, and even went on before them in shrewd anticipation of the future. Then the frontier trade began afresh, with a heartiness that proved to those who did not care to analyze the statistics that the permanence of Chicago's monopoly of the Western trade was beyond all question. Chicago's trade statistics show that hitherto the Western metropolis has been singularly fortunate in having a constant supply of fresh territory to work upon. Her business has been kept at flood-tide in much the same manner as that in which the farmer maintains his average yield of wheat—by breaking up and planting a new field of ground when the old becomes stale and barren. Like the farmer whose acreage has a limit, Chicago will some day come to the end of her new territory, and will be compelled to make the most of what she has. It is this feeling that causes the thoughtful Chicago man to look askance at the shadow of Duluth athwart the Northern sky. Even though Duluth should handle the trade of the Northwest, Chicago has nothing to fear for her future. The solid nature of her success, the momentum of her growth, and the wide extent of the rich country that will in any event remain as a feeder to her mill, to say nothing of the glory of her name and the inherent attracting power of past achievement, assure her of a foremost place among the great cities of the continent. Her growth may not be so rapid in the future as in the past perhaps, but as the already old-settled West still further develops, as there is plenty of room for it to do, Chicago will keep pace steadily with each new increase in population until her destiny shall be worked out to its fulfilment.

Only among untravelled Eastern folks or envious Western people is there any more talk of the temporary nature of Chicago's success. The great fire settled all that nonsense. When the half-dazed inhabitants of the burned city dug the smoke and cinders from their eyes in the middle of October, 1871, they confronted the gravest problem that ever had fallen to the unhappy lot of a Western city. They believed their city to be as permanent as the gravel and clay upon which it had been built. If they could rebuild their business houses, they would demonstrate that permanence not only to the world at large, but more particularly to their rivals at St. Louis and Cincinnati, who, in the time of disaster, had sent them food and clothes and money for pressing needs. It was so easy to say these things, but so hard to do them; especially as the fire had left the city almost bankrupt. Just here Chicago confidence overcame the difficulty, and made itself a name without parallel in the history of American commercial affairs. It borrowed the money with which to rebuild the burned city. The barren, ash-strewn lots had to serve as security for this great loan. New York and the East furnished the money, and practically took the future as collateral. The investment was in all respects a wise and safe one, for now that results can be computed in figures, the risk is seen to be justified by the return of both principal and interest. Although the fire was a calamity whose magnitude has not been fully appreciated outside of Chicago, yet it was the turning-point in the city's life. It made the new Chicago. It swept off the face of the earth miles of temporary wooden buildings and flimsy brick shells, and in return gave the city acres upon acres of solid granite, stone, iron, and brick blocks, which, in point of elegance, comfort, and appearance, have no superiors in the country.

From an architectural point of view most of these buildings belong to that period in city growth when economy and haste have much to do with the architect's plans. A few of the structures built immediately after the fire have, however, some claim to architectural beauty. The Chicago architects, it must be remembered, had not then the leisure time in which to design the beautiful buildings that have been added to the business section of the city within the past few years. Some of the newest buildings are in every way admirable specimens of architectural genius. Only one of the larger buildings, the new Board of Trade pile of broken-up granite, is an absolute failure. To my mind, Chicago architects show more of a strong desire to do something original and striking than to consider the properties of materials and the beauty of simplicity. With the private houses the architects have had a more leisurely opportunity to show how architecturally chaotic a new city may be made. The more pretentious places of residence on the north and south sides are the most striking in appearance in the country, and fully as expensively built and fitted up as most houses in New York or Boston. Each builder seems to have taken counsel with his architect for the purpose of founding a school of architecture of his own. The result has been combinations of all manner of things in all sorts of picturesque ways, with here and there an appallingly original idea brought out in weird prominence. In the words of a young Chicago architect of excellent ability, the city "took the Queen Anne fever hard for one so young." Now the people talk learnedly of Romanesque lines and Moresque exteriors, and they straightway go and build their houses in the Chicagoesque style. It is a great pity that all the fine houses that line the well-kept streets, and give the city the appearance of perpetual dress parade, could not be as pleasing to the eye as a number of the beautiful north and south side homes, that would do credit to any age or school of architecture.

Chicago people spend so much money on their homes that they ought to have the finest architecture obtainable. If they would make practical use of some of the ideas that they pick up while travelling, they would find them of advantage. Chicago folk are remarkable travellers. They go everywhere upon the slightest inducement. Some of them make the round trip to New York just to rest their crowded brains. Travelling between New York and Chicago is so easy now that a tired man can profit well by the ride. This run between the seaboard and Lake Michigan is the finest in the country. The travel is enormous. Competition among the railroads has kept lowering the rate of fare and increasing the speed until to-day the trip is made in a single day at a moderate cost. The most interesting development in modern railroading has taken place on the New York and Chicago through lines within the past few years. As noteworthy an advance as any has been made by the old Erie Road, which, by reason of its beautiful scenery, comfortable car service, and quick time, has become a great favorite with through passengers. The traveller who years ago had to change cars at nearly every mile-post still wonders at the new style of travel. He now can take a ferry-boat at the foot of Chambers Street, board a sleeping-car at the station in Jersey City, and get out at Chicago, Cincinnati, or St. Louis. The fact that the old Erie Road, which once had as bad luck as Chicago did in 1871, is now not only in the forefront of railway progress, but also has provided many new station buildings, improved its track, and made its local service second to none in the country, shows incontestably the growing prosperity of the West, which furnishes the bulk of the road's through business. This at the same time indicates the extent of Chicago's trade, for the Erie taps Chicago like an artery.

With all these big roads at his door, the Chicago man is the most thoroughly travelled and the best-informed person in the country. He has learned many things that he is not quite ready to make use of, among the most significant of which is the belief—elsewhere generally put in force—that money should not be the governing influence in social affairs. Chicago's social evolution will prove to be an interesting study for a few years of the near future. The literary element in the city's life is constantly gaining strength, and that, together with the musicians, artists, and men of learning, who must be sought in a sometimes forgetful seclusion, will doubtless have a strong bearing on the coming readjustment of society. When the Chicago newspapers think seriously that something ought to be allowed to get into a paper besides news that is dropped red-hot from a telegraph wire, there may be hope for a quick change. Chicago papers do things with such energy and determination that they, no doubt, could readjust the entire social fabric in a month if they set about it. The daily papers show a tendency toward genuine improvement that looks well for the future. The grotesque and ejaculatory sensationalism that brought them at one time into undeserved notoriety is happily a thing of the past. There is no indication that it ever will return. Certainly the intelligent people have got far beyond the necessity of a course of glaring head-lines with their breakfast. This may be taken as an indication that Chicago is in a condition of change. A good many ideas that belong to the growing period of a city's life have been rubbed off by contact with the rest of the world, the greater part of which has invariably shown an inclination to tell Chicago the truth about herself. To the travelling stranger the temptation to criticise Chicago is irresistible. The city is so new and complete, her streets swarm so with busy people, and there is over all things a tinge of Chicago confidence as palpable as the clouds of smoke and soot that fill the air, that the visitor naturally looks for a vulnerable spot into which to thrust a lance. Still, those who criticise most admire best. If there is much to criticise, as there is in every city, there is at the same time a great deal to heartily and frankly admire. There will be better opportunity for sincere admiration as the Western civilization gets more evenly shaken together by that process of development and change which is now at work for the best interests of the whole nation. Chicago of the present is materially great and powerful beyond all question; the Chicago of the future will be greater still in different ways.

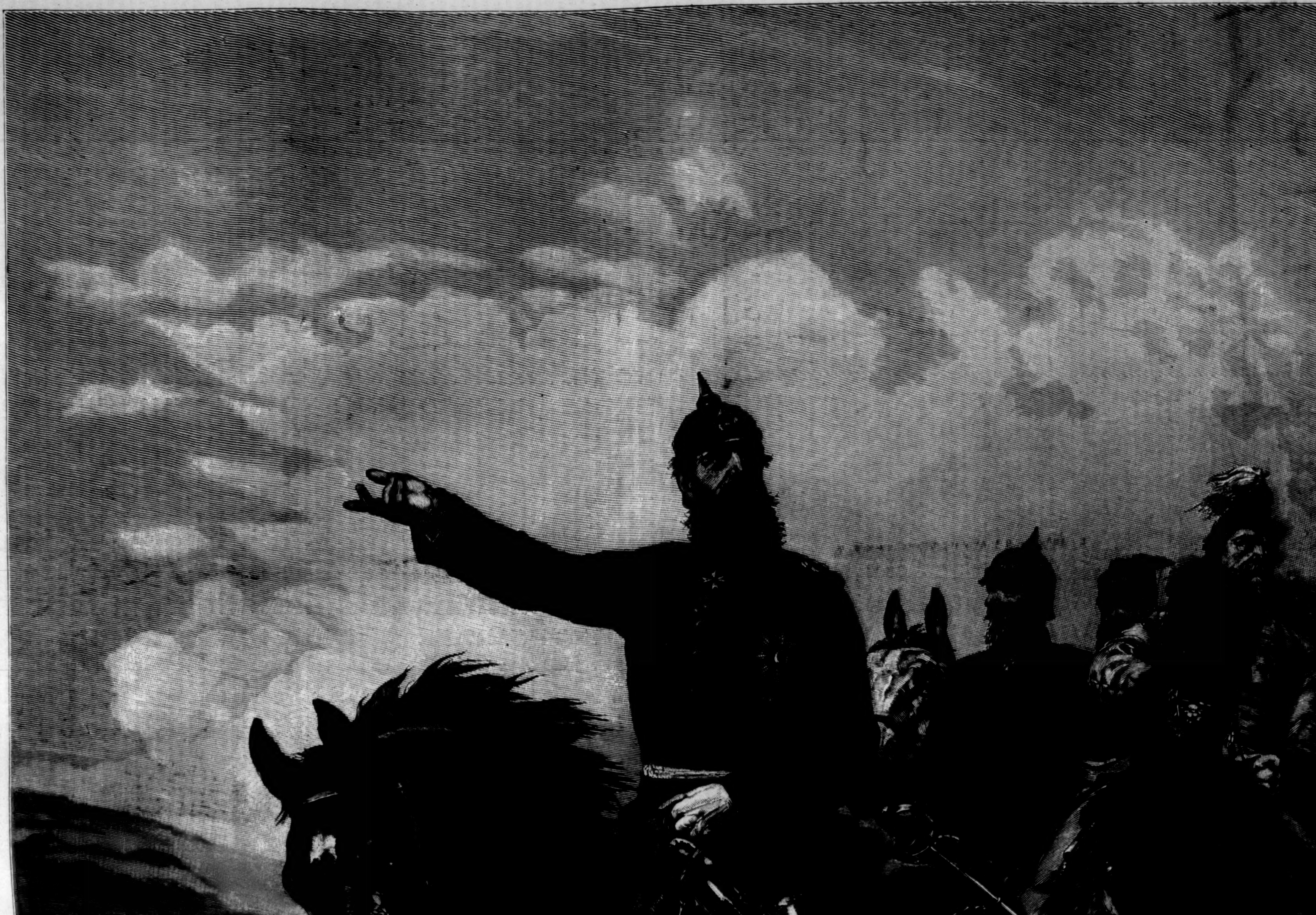
It might naturally be supposed that the number of railways that mass themselves at Chicago would ruin the lake trade entirely, but, in reality, competition seems only to have increased the number of clearances of east-bound vessels. In fact, so well content is the Chicago man with the lake trade that he is disposed to assert that Chicago is the greatest shipping port in the country. This, at first sight, seems to be a preposterous claim, but the Chicago man backs it up with statistics showing that the number of arrivals and departures at the port of Chicago during the year is greater than at New York, which, fortunately, is no lower on the list than second place. It should be borne in mind that in speaking of these astonishing statistics of a lake commerce that was supposed to have been killed long ago by the railroads, the Chicago man says nothing at all about the trifling matter of tonnage. Lest some timid New-Yorker should take alarm at the apparent decline of his great seaport trade, it should be explained that the arrivals and departures at Chicago are mainly those of small sailing vessels of light tonnage. If eight-tenths of the clearances were represented by the big grain steamers that darken the Lake Michigan sky with their smoke during the shipping season, there would be undoubted need for New York to look after her marine business.

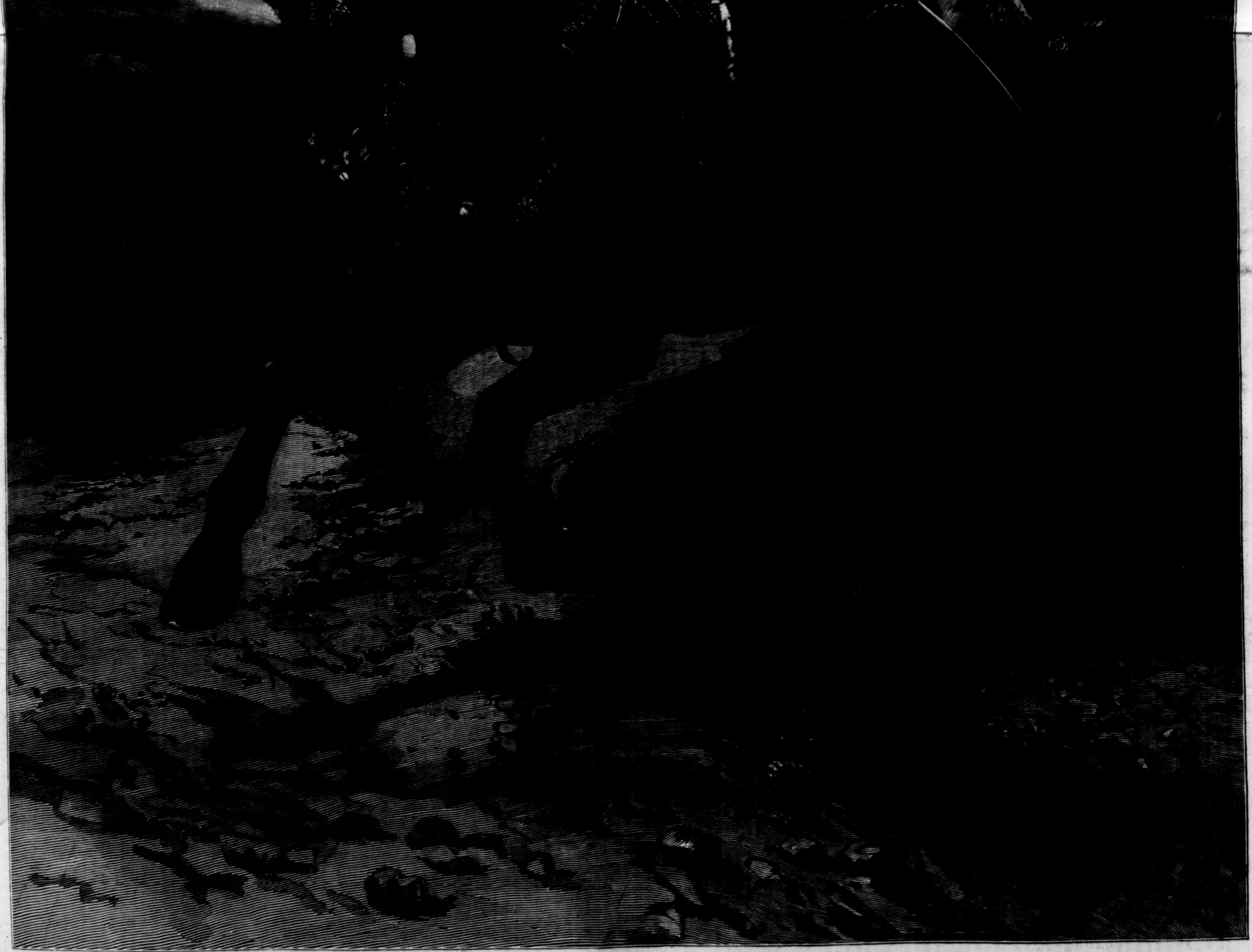
Until the railroads devise some way of carrying grain and coal and other heavy freight as cheaply as the same things are shipped by water, the lake vessels will have plenty to do. In this industry, as in others, the big steamers and the rich corporations are steadily crowding the smaller ones out of the field. Still, if one may judge from the rate of wages paid to lake seamen during the season, the business must have retained a part, at least, of its old margin of profit. In a moderately active season ordinary sailors before the mast get two dollars a day and board, which is a remuneration about four times as large as that of many of the seamen employed on vessels entering the port of New York.

If there is anything in Chicago really deserving of criticism it is the condition of the streets. The solid-looking, well-filled business blocks would seem to demand a pavement of nothing less substantial than Belgian stone, instead of the round pieces of wood placed on end that are to be found in a large number of the bustling thoroughfares, even including some of the busiest streets of the business district. For a large city the wood pavement is clearly a mistake on the side of false economy. The blocks of wood are cheap enough, so far as that goes, but they soon wear into holes and ruts that give the street a ragged, uneven appearance, and cause driving to become both difficult and dangerous. None regret the existence of this worn pavement more keenly than the business men, most of whom own driving horses in addition to those used for the purposes of business. Chicago is remarkably well supplied with good roadsters and private carriages. Nearly every man who can afford it keeps his own horse, and as horses are taken care of at an unusually low cost, the number of drivers in proportion to the general population is correspondingly large. Most of the residence blocks are divided by narrow lanes, which, as a general thing, are lined with private stables. This explains the peculiar appearance of the principal streets during the busiest hours of the day. From ten o'clock in the morning until late in the afternoon the curb-stones are wellnigh monopolized by rows of horses and light buggies. The horses apparently are accustomed to it, for they crunch grain in their nose-bags with all the placidity and patience of animals in a farm-yard. The sight is at least interesting to the stranger.

These single rigs, as they are comprehensively spoken of, have become a feature of Chicago's business life. In addition to their cheapness, they are quick enough to give the busy man an otherwise unsupplied means of travel from one part of the city to another. The Chicago man will not walk, nor will he ride in the uncertain street-cars, which have an annoying way of depositing the uninstructed stranger in the middle of a street, and then turning around and jogging back to their starting-points. He therefore drives at such speed as the pavements will permit.

As the comforts of life in a large city can be supplied in Chicago with as little cost as anywhere on the continent, many men with business interests in the lumber regions of the North, and the stock ranges and mines of the far West, make the city their home during the winter months. By this arrangement they are at the same time in one of the centres of civilization and within easy travelling distance of their various business properties. These men are among the best and most desirable citizens of Chicago. They invariably have plenty of means, and as they often build fine houses, and do a good share toward keeping up the volume of Chicago's business, they are excellent acquisitions to the city's population. With the further extension of the Western and Northwestern railways, and the consequent development of additional frontier territory, the number of these men will be largely increased. Chicago will always be wise enough to give them all a hearty welcome. William Willard Howard.





THE LATE EMPEROR FREDERICK III., AS CROWN-PRINCE, ON THE BATTLE-FIELD OF WOERTH, AUGUST 6, 1870.

MY OX.

BY M. L. POOL.

I HAVE an ox for sale. I will sell him "reasonable." I don't expect to make any money on him. I am not going to deceive about this matter at all, and I own frankly that the animal is not to be sold because the owner is going to Europe. I am not going to Europe. I wish I was, for then I might look forward to having my mind diverted from dwelling on some of the incidents of this season. For instance, if I should be able to go through the gallery of the Louvre I might see a picture, or a pretty woman looking at a picture, and one or the other might enable me to forget that old "Leftant Shaw," down at the Four Corners here, has called me on three several occasions the "gauldist durndest fool that ever come out inter the country to make a cuss of hisself."

Such remarks as the above are calculated to sting, even though they are made by an ancient cobbler who was "leftant" in the militia in the earlier part of the century, and who, within the knowledge of this generation, has never been known to have a whole pair of trousers to his legs.

Though his social position is not great, nearly all the men at the Four Corners gather in his shop in the evenings, and shuffle their feet on the leather chips there, and spit and talk over everything. They talked me over before I had been at my friend Malden's house twenty-four hours, and when it was known about the ox, as it was directly, Leftant Shaw said I looked exactly like that kind of an idjit.

This brings me back to my subject. He is a good ox; at least, the man who sold him has been heard to say that he was a good ox, and that there wa'n't nothin' in the world so kind as Juba was.

Juba is the musical name given to the steer when very young. I can earnestly say that, to the best of my knowledge and belief, Juba *is* kind. When I first knew him it was a pleasure to look into his big mild eyes as he gently chewed his cud.

I bought him that I might ride horseback. I am well aware that it is not customary when one wishes to ride horseback to buy an ox. But I had reasons for this course which seemed very cogent at the time, but which soon after the purchase was effected lost their cogency.

It was in May that I came out here, with all my belongings, to stay until fall with my old college chum Malden, who is the "orthodox" minister at the Four Corners. This is one of the towns where the Congregational Church is always mentioned as "the orthodox," leading a stranger to believe that it holds within it everything orthodox that is in the place, as perhaps it does.

I was sent into the country because I had headaches and could not sleep, and because "nervous exhaustion" was a threatening of the future.

"Now," said Malden, on the second day, "what you need is horseback exercise. You could ride my mare just as well as not, if I only had something to work my little farm. Of course you can't buy a horse for yourself."

Of course I couldn't, being a lawyer who was living on his minute capital, and who had not yet had a brief. I said I should have to go on shank's mare, and the subject dropped for that day. But the next noon at dinner Malden cried out that he had it, and that it was an ox. On being explained, this remark meant that if I could raise money to buy an ox, he could use the beast for ploughing, etc., and I could ride his mare every day, save when he was driving out to call on his flock.

The idea struck us all as remarkably good. Mrs. Malden said that some one over on the cross-road had had an ox for sale two weeks ago, a black ox with a white face, price thirty dollars.

Having heard this news, I was seized with a tormenting fear lest the animal should have been already sold. I set out after dinner to walk to Mr. Rhodes's farm, my friend shouting after me the advice that I "must be sure and not seem to want the ox, or Rhodes would put up his price quicker than a wink."

Malden is a good man, but when with me his remarks are not always what is called strictly ministerial.

I had to go through the village at the Four Corners, and here I committed one of the mistakes of my life, as Malden told me when I returned. As I scrambled over a stone wall to go through an orchard, in order to shorten the distance, I raked off so much of a "lift" from the heel of my right shoe, and the loss made me seem so lame, that I stopped at Leftant Shaw's to have him nail on a new lift. This was the mistake, for my friend made clear to me that he would rather fall into the hands of any malevolent power of which he had ever heard than into the hands of that diabolical Shaw. This was strong language for an orthodox clergyman, who is supposed to know all about malevolent powers.

As for me, I did not know the cobbler as well then as I do now, and while I sat with my stockinged foot on my knee and waited, he got out of me all about my errand.

I thought he spat in a very contemptuous manner when I mentioned Mr. Rhodes's ox, and so I asked him what he knew concerning the animal.

"Not a thing," he said.

Nothing more was said until he remarked that he should jedge I was from the city. When I said yes, the sneer on his face was so strong that it diffused itself all over his person; even the shiny, blackened leather apron appeared to despise me. Dwellers in great towns may sometimes consider country people "green," but that feeling is nothing in comparison with the scorn and pity with which a countryman regards city folks.

As soon as I could, I went on my way. It was not until it was too late to do me any good that a "well-wisher"—that is what he called himself—informed me that "Leeftant Shaw told him 'bout my arskin' 'bout that ox, and that he [Shaw] didn't consider it his dooty to tell me what was reported 'bout that animal." The well-wisher added, with great apparent enjoyment, that the leftant had also said, "that it wa'n't no good explainin' to a dunce as was thinkin' of workin' one ox. A feller that didn't know as oxen went in pairs wa'n't constructed so's to understand if things was explained to him."

As I have said, it was too late to do any good when this person thought best to tell me this, and I went on innocently, as became a simple city man, down along the street where the prim front yards were taking on a bright green, and where fat robins were fighting and courting.

I found the old Rhodes place a mile beyond the village. It was an immense two-story, unpainted house, shingled all over, and the shingles looked ready to fly away if a wind touched them; indeed, many had blown off, and were lying partially and placidly imbedded in the quickly growing grass of the huge yard. These, and a few worn-out cart-wheels here and there, were not cheerful to look at, even on a bright May afternoon.

An old man was leaning against a well-sweep in the back of the yard, and he came limping toward me, revealing, as he approached, that one side of him was afflicted with the shaking palsy. I had somehow expected to find a young man. I asked if he were the man who wanted to sell an ox, and after he had tremulously nodded his head, I, remembering my friend's advice, immediately assumed an air of great unconcern, and told my companion that it was fine growing weather; and he nodded again. I continued to converse at some length about the crops and manure and loam and timothy. He nodded to everything I said. After a while his nods began to confuse me a great deal. They seemed to be a kind of combination of assent and contradiction. At any rate, I fancied that the left side of his face and head, which was the palsied side, wanted to jerk upward, while the well side succeeded every time in nodding down.

Any one will see that conversation under these circumstances is not only uninspiring, but very bewildering.

For the first half-hour I held to my resolution not to say anything more about my object in coming, for my first question had told him that. I braced myself against a post, and wondered how long I could hold out.

By the beginning of the second half-hour I was sure I was becoming imbecile from the effect of those nods. Why didn't the man speak of his ox if he had one to sell? I asked myself angrily what was the use of going on in this way. I was somewhat savage as I inquired aloud if I might see the ox.

Mr. Rhodes turned and wavered along toward the barn, and I after him, trying not to walk just as he did. There was the animal in the cow-yard, looking fat and calm. For real calmness go to the ox, and you will never be disappointed.

I placed my foot on as high a fence rail as I could manage and still keep my balance, put my hands in my trousers' pockets and my head at a knowing angle, and had a consciousness that if ever a man looked as if he knew oxen, I was that man.

After a long and wise and silent gaze I took my foot from the fence, my hands from my pockets, and went and punched the ox in the neck and in the ribs. Then I stood off a few yards, with my legs wide apart, and said, in a guttural voice, "Work well?"

At this Mr. Rhodes spoke for the first time. "Here I be a-totterin' inter the grave," said he, "'n' do ye think I'd wanter sell a ox as wouldn't work?"

I hastily gave up my attitude, and relinquished all thoughts of appearing knowing. Who was I that I should appear to doubt this old man who was about leaving the world? I had some idea of begging his pardon for having asked if the ox would work, but I only hastily inquired the price. It was thirty dollars if I took him now, or thirty-five dollars if Mr. Rhodes had to keep him another day. I was so alarmed by the possibility that the creature might go up in value five dollars a day that I closed the bargain instantly, thankful that I had been so fortunate as to come that day instead of the next. Mr. Rhodes said that his rule when he sold oxen was always cash payments; not that he had no doubts of me, but his rule was cash payments. He added that there wa'n't an ox in town that would lead as well as this one. He brought forth a rope and rigged it about Juba's horns, telling me that I might give him ten cents for the rope, and if I ever brought it back he would return the ten cents, provided the rope was in as good condition as it was now. When he had received the money in full, he put the end of the halter in my hands. I started on my homeward journey, and every rod of the distance I thanked fortune that I had been so lucky. There never was anything so mild and calm as this animal.

When I reached Malden's house he left his sermon-making, came out, and walked round the ox, declaring he had never seen a finer creature.

"To-morrow I'll have him plough up my garden spot," he said, "and you can take a canter on the mare."

But Juba did not plough up the garden spot, nor any other spot.

He was brought forth and hitched to the plough. The hired man grasped the plough-handles, and Mr. and Mrs. Malden, the baby, the "help," and myself clustered near to see the first furrow turned. Malden said it was absurd that people here in New England thought they must have a pair of oxen. He was almost eloquent on the benefit a poor man might derive from one ox. Having thus spoken, he told the hired man to go ahead.

How mild Juba was! and how he would not budge an inch! He stood there and cast rebuking, liquid eyes on us; and he chewed betweenwhiles, when we were tired and let him alone a moment.

After this attempt we tried him in a cart; then we hitched him to a drag. He was all the time serene and immovable. We tried him simply as a companion, walking along with him with a hand on his neck. He consented to be a companion.

Some time in the second hour we all sat down to rest. Malden wiped the perspiration from his face, and remarked that he supposed Mr. Rhodes said the ox would work.

I thought a moment, and then I answered: "I don't think he did say so. I put that question to him, and he informed me that he was tottering into the grave, and asked if I thought he would want to sell an ox that wouldn't work."

When the minister heard this, he said, "Thunder!" his wife said, "Hush!" the hired man grinned; I made the general observation that it was devilish.

After a silence, during which we all tried to become cool in mind and body, and Juba chewed, the hired man said that "it wa'n't customary in this country to work an ox alone, and p'r'aps Juba would work in pairs." In the hired man's estimation it "wa'n't hardly decent not to work them critters in pairs, and no man anywheres, but old Si Rhodes, would have hed a single ox to sell, 'less 'twas by accident." After these words, of course the question for our future became, "Would Juba work in pairs?"

Malden said he wished he could buy a mate for Juba, but with his small salary that was out of the question. Still he hated to give it up. He told me that if I could go halves on the price of the second ox, perhaps we could make a success of it. Their keep would not be much at present, as they could stay in the pasture when not in use.

When the conversation reached this point, the hired man, who had remained near, informed us that if we was thinkin' of another ox, he guessed he could put us on the track of one. Being a cautious man in his statements, he added that he wouldn't say whether his uncle Barstow's ox was a good one or not, but he would go as fur as to say he *thought* it was a good one.

We led Juba to the entrance of the rocky pasture back of the house, and the next morning we three men started in the farm wagon for the Barstow neighborhood, where lived the hired man's uncle.

It seemed to me that we could not go anywhere without passing through the village, and I was sure that every person we met was thinking of Juba, when looking at me.

The Barstow neighborhood is a place where there is a saw-mill and a grist-mill and seven houses, all occupied by Barstows and people who have married Barstows. If one happens not to be a Barstow by blood, but only by marriage, he or she is secretly blamed, as if he or she were responsible for this misfortune. Clearly, if not a Barstow by birth, the next best thing a man or woman can do is to marry one who was born within the circle. If, as sometimes happens, a merely legal connection is not very shrewd or successful in "gittin' a livin'," the failure is laid to the fact of that person's "not bein' really a Barstow, you know."

The hired man, Moses Harding, was a poor creature in so far as he was related only by wedlock to this family, having married for his first wife Zeolyde Barstow, niece of the man who had an ox for sale. Though Moses was now living with his second wife, he still proudly clung to calling Sylvester Barstow uncle; and who could blame him? He felt that this privilege conferred a kind of glory on him.

When we were once beyond the village, the strain of fearing to see Leftant Shaw anywhere was removed from my mind, and I bethought me to ask Moses how it came about that a Barstow had a single ox to sell, if such a sale were not considered quite reputable.

I was hastily assured that this circumstance was brought about by an accident for which no man could be responsible.

"There had been a yoke of um," said Moses, "but the off one had died of a disease which not even a Barstow could cure." The nigh one had been left, consequently it was the nigh one we were going to examine.

Malden said that at this stage of the proceedings it would become us to know whether Juba had heretofore been an off ox or a nigh one. When consulted as to what he thought on this subject, the hired man was entirely non-committal. He said that there were signs about Juba which suggested that he might be the one or the other. This being his opinion, it did not appear advantageous to pursue the topic farther with him.

Three miles from home we drew up in front of the whitest of white cottages, closely fenced in by white pickets. A fat man, in a long blue frock, was planting potatoes on the other side of the road. This was Sylvester Barstow himself, and he came forward, smiling all over his large, smoothly shaven face. It appeared that he was a member of the "orthodox church," and that my friend was his pastor. He said, in a fine treble voice, very astonishing as coming from such a bulk, that if we'd go in, his wife 'd be pesky glad to see the minister, and he nodded benignly to his nephew by marriage.

When we asked if he had an ox to sell, he immediately began to look very reflective, and we sat patiently waiting until he said yes, he had a critter he'd part with. He had told his wife a dozen times within a week that if he knew the critter 'd fall into good hands he'd part with it. It was jest as pooty as it could be, and it went ag'inst the grain with him to send it to the slarter-house. He made it a p'int to have pooty things round him, from his wife down to the cat.

This last remark was a joke, and we all laughed spasmodically.

Malden then explained to Mr. Barstow that we already had one ox, and were thinking of setting up a pair. Being asked immediately where we got the other animal, we briefly said it came from Mr. Silas Rhodes.

Mr. Barstow passed his great hand over his face, seemed for an instant as if he were going to choke, then said he didn't know nothin' of his own knowledge, but he had heerd that Mr. Rhodes made quite an income outer that ox.

I thought that I should always suspect when a man said he didn't know of his own knowledge. I asked, with asperity, what he meant by that, and he replied, as if speaking to an unruly child,

"Sho, now! we mustn't believe all we hear."

And I said no more.

This interview resulted in our leading the ox home to try him, for Mr. Barstow said 'twa'n't his way to take a man's money 'thout the man knew what he was payin' for.

When we tried this creature we found that he would not work alone, though he would work with Juba, but Juba would not work with him. We experimented long and arduously with my ox, both as a nigh and an off one, and he was equally gentle and unavailable in both positions.

The hired man said he would say it was the first case within his experience where when an ox wasn't a nigh one it didn't turn out to be an off one. But then he had never before been acquainted with Juba.

The next day Moses left his work to lead home the ox of his uncle by marriage. During the night previous I had thought a good deal on the subject of oxen, and I told Malden in the morning that if he would let me make trials in the rear of the barn, where I should not be much exposed to observation, I thought I might train Juba so he would work. It seemed to me that any being so sweet-tempered might be moulded somewhat.

So I endeavored to mould Juba. I kept up the work for a week. Sometimes the family would come out and look at my operations, and perhaps make a few suggestions, but they were usually very careful of my feelings.

Toward the last of the week Malden told me that one of the select-men had been to him and offered his services if Malden had occasion at any time to take an insane man to the asylum. Neither my friend nor I made any remarks concerning the select-man's kindness, but Malden went on to say that there was a place in the curve of the road, a few rods to the south, where a first-rate view of behind the barn could be had, and that he had noticed there had been a great deal of "passing" within a day or two.

In the beginning of the second week I said I guessed I would have a butcher come and look at Juba. Mrs. Malden glanced so gratefully at me when I said this that I was conscience-smitten that I had not said it before. I walked six miles over to the nearest large town, and went into the first butcher's shop, and told the man that I had an ox I wanted him to look at. Of course he asked me where I came from, and if I did not formerly reside in the city. Then he inquired where I got the ox, and I told him. He informed me that the man who bought the "critter" before me had been to him on the same errand upon which I had come, and that he had gone to look at the animal then.

"'Tain't no use goin' ag'in," said the butcher. "'Tain't fat on that ox. Bloat, I guess. Any ways, I don't want him."

I went on to the only other market, but the proprietor had gone to Boston. I next called on a soap-fat man, but his place was in the hands of a sheriff, who informed me, with a grin, that it was very uncertain when any more soap fat would be needed there.

Then I walked back to my friend's, and there was Juba at the pasture bars, chewing.

I used to think that having a cud was a sign of good health in ruminating animals. I asked myself if Juba were indeed bloated. I didn't believe it. I know he is of no possible use, but I do not believe he is bloated.

It is now well into July, and I have had my ox about two months. I am too tender-hearted to kill him; and I am too proud to go back to Si Rhodes, as others have done, on the chance of getting ten dollars from him. I am looking forward to the fall, when there will be no feed in the pasture, and something will have to be done. I look still farther into the future, and see myself an old man with an ox. More than that, an old man with an ox that is neither an off nor a nigh one. I ask myself whose fate has ever been like mine?

Last night as I walked to the post-office I forgot my ordinary precautions and went by the cobbler's, and there he stood at the door smoking. He took his pipe from his mouth, signalled to me with it, and I had to stop. When I was near him, he said it was a fine day, and how did I like my ox? I told him that no money would buy it, and he said he guessed no money *wouldn't* buy it.

He went on to say, with great emphasis, that there ox had be'n a thunderin' good thing for Si Rhodes. 'Twas as good as a pension, 'n' 'bout as sure. 'Cordin' to reports, 'n' well-founded reports too, he jedged them to be, Si Rhodes had sold that ox three times afore he sold it to me, 'n' each time he had be'n paid cash, 'n' the fellers as bought had come and arst that the ox be took back. Si he told um he wa'n't in need of no ox, but if they wanted to leave it, they might, 'n' he'd give um ten dollars fur it. 'N' they done it, fur they do say butchers won't have it. Cash payments is Si's rule, as p'r'aps you know. I heerd you paid cash."

Instead of replying, I asked why, if he knew all this, he didn't tell me before, or why did he tell me now?

He answered that he didn't know it of his own knowledge, but them was the reports, and he was free to say he believed um. He ended by saying that if he should undertake to find brains for city folks, his supply would soon run out.

In conclusion, I wish to offer the advice that a person should not, for the purpose of riding horseback, buy a single ox. I might go as far as to say that I would not advise the purchase of a single ox with any other object in view than to secure a companion.

If any one desires such a companion, I have one which I will sell "reasonable," as I announced at the head of this article.

IN AN OLD GARDEN.

An old-time garden lying in sweet rest,
Unroused save when its lilac boughs were stirred
By sudden passing of some brown-winged bird
That built within its shelter her wee nest.
But one glad morning down its untrod ways
The music fell of little children's feet.
Out throbbed the worn old garden's heart, and beat
With some faint sweetness of the early days;
The beds of clove-pinks their old perfume bore,
The hollyhocks woke slowly here and there,
While breath from thyme and musk-rose filled the air.
For one glad hour the drowsy garden wore
Its first sweet grace, for little feet had pressed
Some old-time fragrance from its tangled breast.

Lucy E. Tilley.

BISHOP WHIPPLE AND HIS WORK.

Faribault, a town of 7000 or 8000 inhabitants, nestles in the shadow of a semicircular bluff on the banks of the Straight River, at a point in Minnesota fifty-six miles south of St. Paul. It is the most picturesquely situated place to be found anywhere in the great Prairie State. Its inhabitants proudly boast that nature and art have done more for its adornment than any other city or town in the entire Northwest. It is the seat of the great Episcopal educational institutions of the West, and for over a quarter of a century has been the home of the Right Rev. H. B. Whipple, Bishop of Minnesota, and one of the most remarkable men the American Church has yet produced. This distinguished divine has been invited to deliver the university sermon before Cambridge University, England, this month. The invitation came from the Chancellor of the University, and is an honor not only to Bishop Whipple, but to the entire American Church. Twenty-five years ago Bishop Whipple arrived at Faribault. Its hills were covered with dense forests. There were no railroads or telegraph lines, the town a mere trading post. He found in equal numbers the tepees of the Dakotas, the wigwams of the Winnebagoes, and the log cabins of the first settlers, with a very few small basswood frames. There was not a brick or stone house in the place. What marvellous changes have taken place in a comparatively short space of time! On the bluffs, which rise to a height of about one hundred feet, are located six great public and private institutions. The buildings and property of the Whipple educational plant, so called, three institutions with a national reputation, are worth upward of a million of dollars. Besides these are the State institutions for the deaf and dumb, school for the blind, and institute for feeble-minded children. The educational institutes owe their existence wholly to the indefatigable efforts of Bishop Whipple, and the location of the State institutes was largely secured through his personal efforts in behalf of his beloved home. Citizens point with veneration and pride to a small one-room shanty, rudely constructed of rough boards, battered and torn by storms and time, as the mother house of the present noble educational structures. Shortly before the arrival of Bishop Whipple, Rev. J. Lloyd Breck and Rev. S. W. Manney had commenced educational work in the struggling village. The Bishop entered the work with tireless energy. Mr. Breck was the pioneer missionary, and his natural bent was work among the Indians. The new Bishop threw his very soul into his new work in the far Western wilderness. Many were the hardships of this brave man's life, and perils too, when lost on the prairie in winter. He had hardly commenced his work when the civil war began. Then came the awful Indian massacre, and for many years he was compelled to work with fearful odds against him.

The Whipple institutes include the Seabury Theological School, Shattuck Military Institute, and St. Mary's Hall. The Military School is magnificently equipped, and is named in honor of Dr. George C. Shattuck, of Boston, one of the most liberal benefactors of the Church work in Faribault. There is a group of a half-dozen fine buildings, and an attendance of 200 cadets. It is the West Point of the West. For twenty years it has been under the guidance of Rev. James Dobbin. On the grounds is a memorial chapel which cost $30,000. It was built in 1872 by Mrs. J. G. Shumway, of Chicago, as a memorial to her daughter. Bishop Whipple met this lady while travelling in Spain, and she became greatly interested in his work. Several years after the death of her first husband she married a Mr. Huntington, of Boston. A few years ago, while travelling in the West, she fell from a coach, receiving injuries which caused her death. She left a bequest of $300,000 to Bishop Whipple—$100,000 to build a memorial hall at Shattuck, $100,000 to endow it, and $100,000 to build a memorial hall for the Seabury School. The first, Shumway Hall, has just been completed, and it is one of the finest school buildings in the West. Work on the second structure, to be called Johnson Hall, in honor of Mrs. Huntington's father, is now under way.

Seabury Divinity School is the theological school of the Episcopal Church. The building is in the mediæval style of architecture, and is very imposing. The corner-stone was laid by Bishop Whipple July 17, 1862. At the beginning the institute bore the ambitious title of Seabury University. It is well equipped in every way. Many Indian missionaries have been graduated from it. St. Mary's School is a part of the educational work carried on by the Episcopal Church. It is a seminary of great repute, and occupies a large and very beautiful building. It was opened as a girls' school in the Bishop's own house in 1866, and in 1883 the present buildings were completed. These three institutes are incorporated as the Seabury Mission, and managed by a Board of Trustees. Large sums of money have been contributed from time to time by wealthy Eastern people who have become interested in Bishop Whipple's work.

Henry Benjamin Whipple was born in Adams, Jefferson County, New York, February 15, 1822. He made preparations to enter college, but ill health prevented, and for a time he engaged in mercantile pursuits in his native place, and was greatly interested in politics. He felt himself called to the Church, and at once began the study of theology. He was made deacon, and was ordained a priest in Christ Church, Sackett's Harbor, New York, July 16, 1850, both orders being conferred by Bishop De Lancey. He received the honorary degree of A.M. from Hobart College, and D.D. from Racine. He was rector of Zion's Church, Rome, New York, until 1857, when he removed to Chicago, and became rector of the Church of the Holy Communion, which position he held until his elevation to the episcopate. He married Miss Cornelia Wright in New York, and has reared a large and interesting family. A son, Charles H. Whipple, is Paymaster in the United States army. He has the distinction of being appointed to this important position, with the rank of Major, without having had any special military education or experience—a very rare honor, and a great compliment to his distinguished father. The election as Bishop of Minnesota is regarded by Bishop Whipple as a call from God. The Convention was in session in Chicago, and after many ballots the great body knelt in silent prayer, being unable to agree upon any one. His name, scarcely mentioned before, was put in nomination, and he was unanimously chosen. He was consecrated in Richmond, Virginia, as first Bishop of Minnesota, and at once set out for his new field of labor, late in the fall of 1859. Since then he has steadily worked to promote the spiritual welfare of all within his great diocese. He has devoted his energies, in and out of season, in the interests of the Indians, and his success in their evangelization has been something wonderful. He is a recognized authority everywhere on all questions relating to the Indian problem. When he reached Minnesota there were 20,000 Indians in the State. He says that the Indian affairs were at their worst estate. The funds so liberally supplied by the government were stolen or wasted by the rascally agents. The deadly fire-water flowed freely on all sides. Bad white men had dragged the poor Indians down to a depth of unparalleled sorrow and depravity. Disease and death held carnival in every village. "I shall never forget," to use his own words, "the awful sights which met my eyes at my first visit to the famous Gull Lake Agency. A dead Indian was lying by the road-side; a few miles from the agency I saw bruised and bleeding men suffering from the wounds received in a drunken fight. An Indian mother was scraping the inner bark of the pine-tree to satisfy the gnawing of the hunger of her starving babes. We found at the mission a crowd of squalid wretches whose rags did not cover their nakedness, and yet in their helplessness and woe they listened to my words as if I was a messenger from heaven. A few months later I visited the lower Sioux agency. The Presbyterians had a mission among the upper Sioux. Wabasha, Wakean Washta, and Taope held a conference with me. I can see their upturned faces as they told the over-true story of their wrongs. The government had sent them $40,000 for educational purposes, and yet there was no school building, no school, and not one Indian child had been taught to read. The Sioux had suffered less than the Chippewas, but there was then the smouldering fires of hatred which burst forth in the massacre of 1862." Bishop Whipple says that no work has given him so much pleasure as that among the Indians. He is familiarly known as the "St. John of the Wilderness," and the Indians know him as "Straight Tongue," or the "Father-who-don't-lie." Many whom he first met as painted savages are to-day civilized Christian men, leaders in business and Christian movements of all kinds. In Bishop Whipple's time he has appeared before Congress, before Presidents, and before the highest dignitaries of this and other countries in the interest of and to demand justice for his beloved subjects. Large funds have been placed in his hands from time to time. He has been a member of Indian commissions, and in the pulpit and through the press he has fought for the rights of the red men. For over a quarter of a century he has been the most steadfast and persistent of the many people who have enlisted in this cause.

The Bishop's memories of the terrible Sioux massacre of 1862 are of painful interest. He regards it as one of the saddest and darkest pages of our history, and had it not been for the civil war, would have attracted the attention of the civilized world, and taken its place in history by the massacre of Delhi in India. In speaking of the massacre he says: "The Sioux had been the friends of the white people in our section. For a quarter of a century they had not taken the life of a white man. The wretched Indian system was at its worst. It left red men without government or personal rights of property, and by its almshouse system was training up savage paupers. In 1858 the Sioux sold us 800,000 acres of land on the north side of their reservation. They did not receive the moneys promised them. They waited four years, and all they received was a few thousand dollars' worth of goods. Meetings were held, and loud murmuring complaints were heard. At a council meeting held in our school-house, Chief Wabasha said: 'Will you ask the great father what has become of our money? He would not lie to us. White men would not have a liar as their great chief. He said he would send the money—so many boxes. He probably started it, but the cars go so fast it has probably fallen off by the way. Tell him we are poor, and ask him to look it up.' Another chief, Wacouta, said, 'Our eyes have grown dim looking for this money.' Harder words were spoken, there were flashing eyes, and young braves boasted they would never shake hands with a white man. The civil war was raging furiously, and up to this time victory seemed to be with the South. Pictorial papers were at all of the posts, and the Indians began to think, from what they saw and heard, that the South was victorious. Things began to culminate in early spring. The payment to the Indians had always taken place in June. They came as usual, 2500 at the lower agency, and over 5000 at the upper agency. Time passed, and no payments were made. One thing followed another, until the actual outbreak. A party of Sioux murdered a family at Acton, and then fled. The Sioux have a Soldiers' Lodge which decides all questions connected with war. The Lodge was hastily convened, the story of Acton told, the certainty that troops would come to arrest the murderers. The spark had been laid to the train of powder, and it was settled that the whites should be massacred. The terrible deeds followed in rapid succession, and in a short time the country was aroused. Many people were murdered at different points. Captain Marsh led a company against the Indians, was ambuscaded, and twenty-four were shot to death. The acts of heroism on the part of Christian Indians will forever live in the pages of history. Altogether over 800 innocent people were butchered by the maddened savages, and only the most vigorous measures put an end to the great massacre."

In 1860 Mr. Joseph Wright, of Waterloo, New York, sent by express to Bishop Whipple a beautiful horse, which was duly christened Bashaw. Long before there were railroads, this faithful animal was the Bishop's companion on his long and lonely missionary journeys. From Crow Valley to La Crosse, and from the Mississippi to the western border, this horse was as well known as the Bishop himself. He could readily make seventy miles a day, and was ridden and driven by the Bishop over 50,000 miles. Six other horses were worn out by his side. The Bishop was frequently lost in snow-storms. Once he wandered from noon until midnight with the mercury thirty degrees below zero. The horse finally found the lost trail, and saved his master's life.

Bishop Whipple has frequently visited Washington in the interest of the Indians, and during these missions has become intimately acquainted with many of the leading politicians and statesmen of our times. For years he has been constantly fighting the thieving Indian agents. During one of his trips he had an amusing interview with President Lincoln, which he is very fond of repeating. One of the distinguished generals of the rebellion was a brother-in-law of the Bishop's, and so when he arrived at the capital, in the early years of the war, he found no difficulty in securing an audience with the President. It was arranged that Bishop Whipple should quietly visit the White House early the morning after his arrival, and at the hour named, nine o'clock, he was promptly admitted through a side door, before the arrival of the cabinet officers and others who had business with Mr. Lincoln. The President was in the barber shop, his face full of lather, and a newspaper in his hand. After cordially greeting his visitor, he invited him to sit down by his side and tell his story. This the Bishop did, ending with the plea that the government intercede in behalf of the Indians, and put an end to the corrupt reign of the agents. In way of reply, President Lincoln said: "Bishop, let me tell you a little story. When I was a young man practising law down in Illinois, a fellow named Jim was arrested for stealing a hog. I wasn't doing much law business then, and when he asked me to defend him, I agreed to do so. When the trial began, the evidence was overwhelmingly against Jim. I told him he had better plead guilty, and throw himself on the mercy of the court, but he implored me, for God's sake, to get up and make an address to the jury, to say or do anything that might help his case. 'Abe,' said he, 'I'm in for it, and you must help me out;' and so I got up and made a rambling address to the jury. Jim looked grateful, the jury retired, and, greatly to my surprise, returned in ten minutes with a verdict of not guilty. 'Abe, I knew a speech from you could clear me,' he said, and upon my modestly asking him what made him think so, he said there wasn't a man on the jury who hadn't eaten some of that pork! That's about the state of affairs with this Indian agency business, Bishop."

In the first twenty-five years of his work this good man preached and delivered 6000 sermons and addresses, confirmed 9263, baptized 708 infants and 308 adults, celebrated the Holy Communion 978 times, buried 80 persons, performed 72 marriages, ordained 86 deacons and 67 priests, travelled over 50,000 miles on horseback or by carriage, and evangelized more savages than any other man in the West, if not in the whole country.

George H. Yenowine.

A COMMENCEMENT RETROSPECT.

Dear friend of former days, the years have borne
Into a past, which silence now endears,
Thy youth's full retinue of hopes and fears,
And left instead their memories, bright or lorn,
Since thou, a reaper 'mid life's ripened corn,
Thus stood. The goal of studious, earnest years
Was won, and thou didst stand as one who hears
A welcome call to laurels to be worn.

Upon thy face, light-limned by morning's rays,
I look, and something seem to catch of youth,
June brightness, high resolve, and stainless truth,
That shone upon thy face on that bright morn.
I, wearied with the strife, forego the bays;
O friend, thy laurels—are they yet unworn?

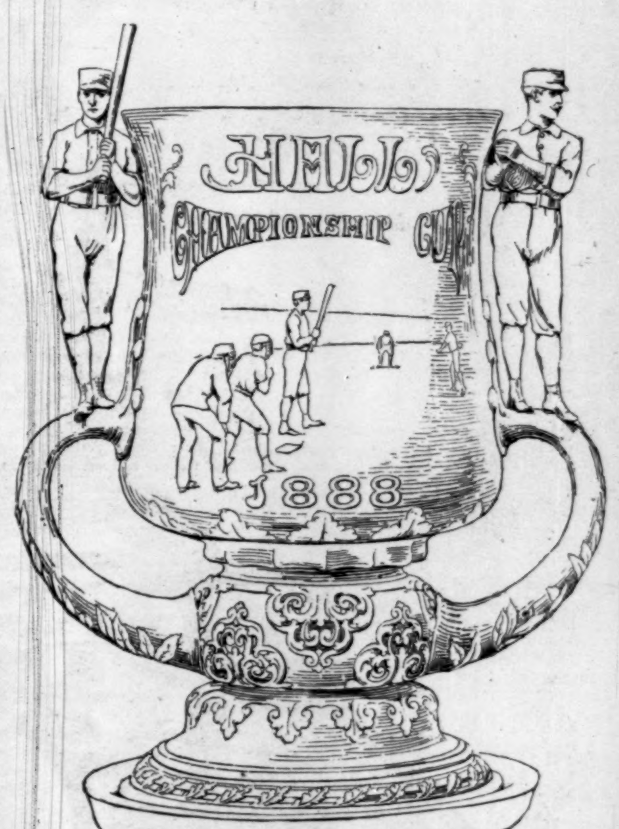
H. T. Sudduth.

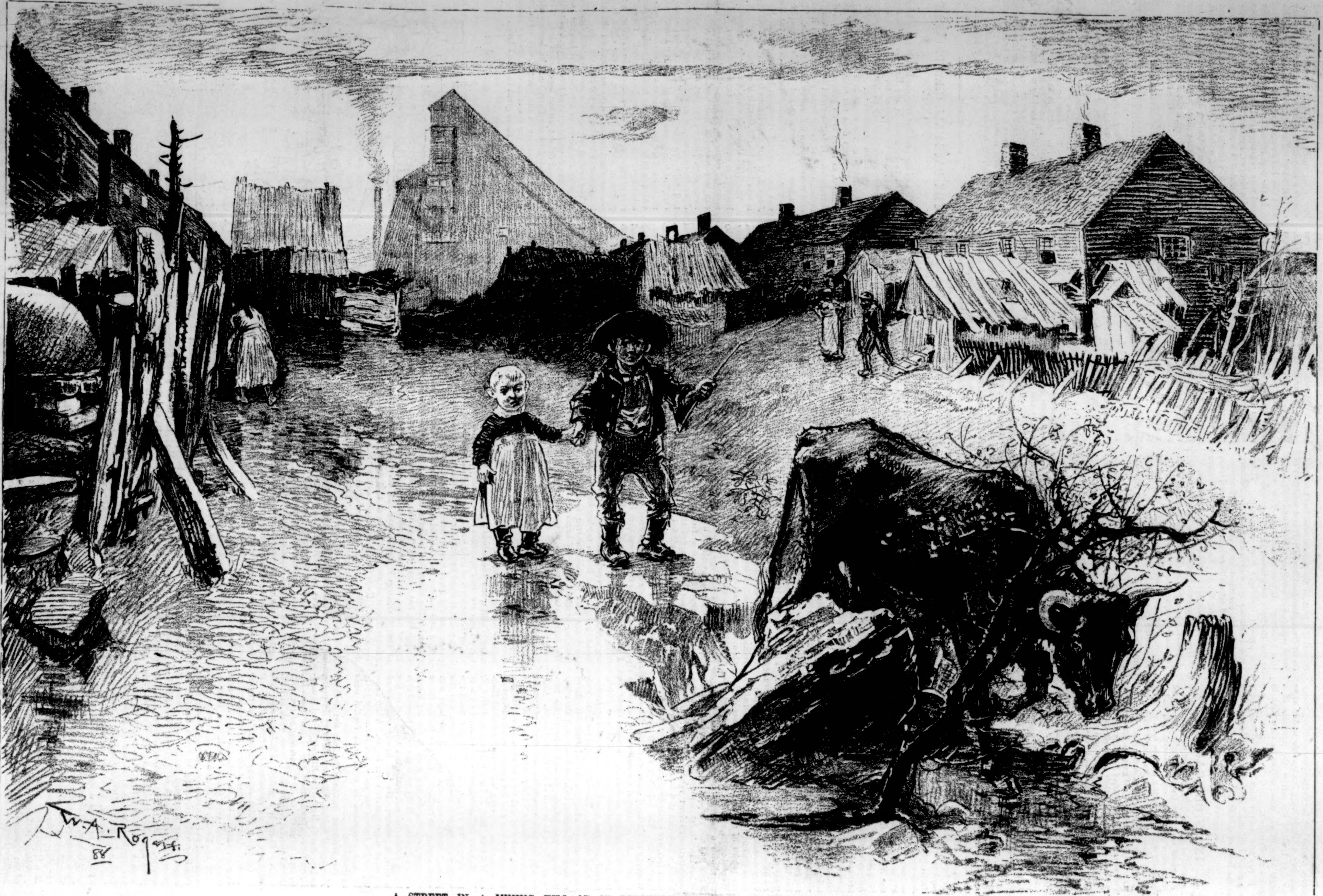
THE BASE-BALL CHAMPIONSHIP CUP.

One of the prettiest trophies that has ever been devoted to base-ball is the Hall Championship Cup, which is to be played for by the clubs winning the championship of the National League and American Association. It will proclaim the winners as the champions of the world in 1888. The cup does not take the place of the pennant, as there is no pennant for the world's champions. It is presented by a private corporation, and has never been played for, as it has only recently been finished by Tiffany & Co. The practice of presenting the world's champions with a trophy of remembrance of this great feat was introduced last season by the present Mrs. John M. Ward, then Helen Dauvray. That cup is now held by the Detroit Club.

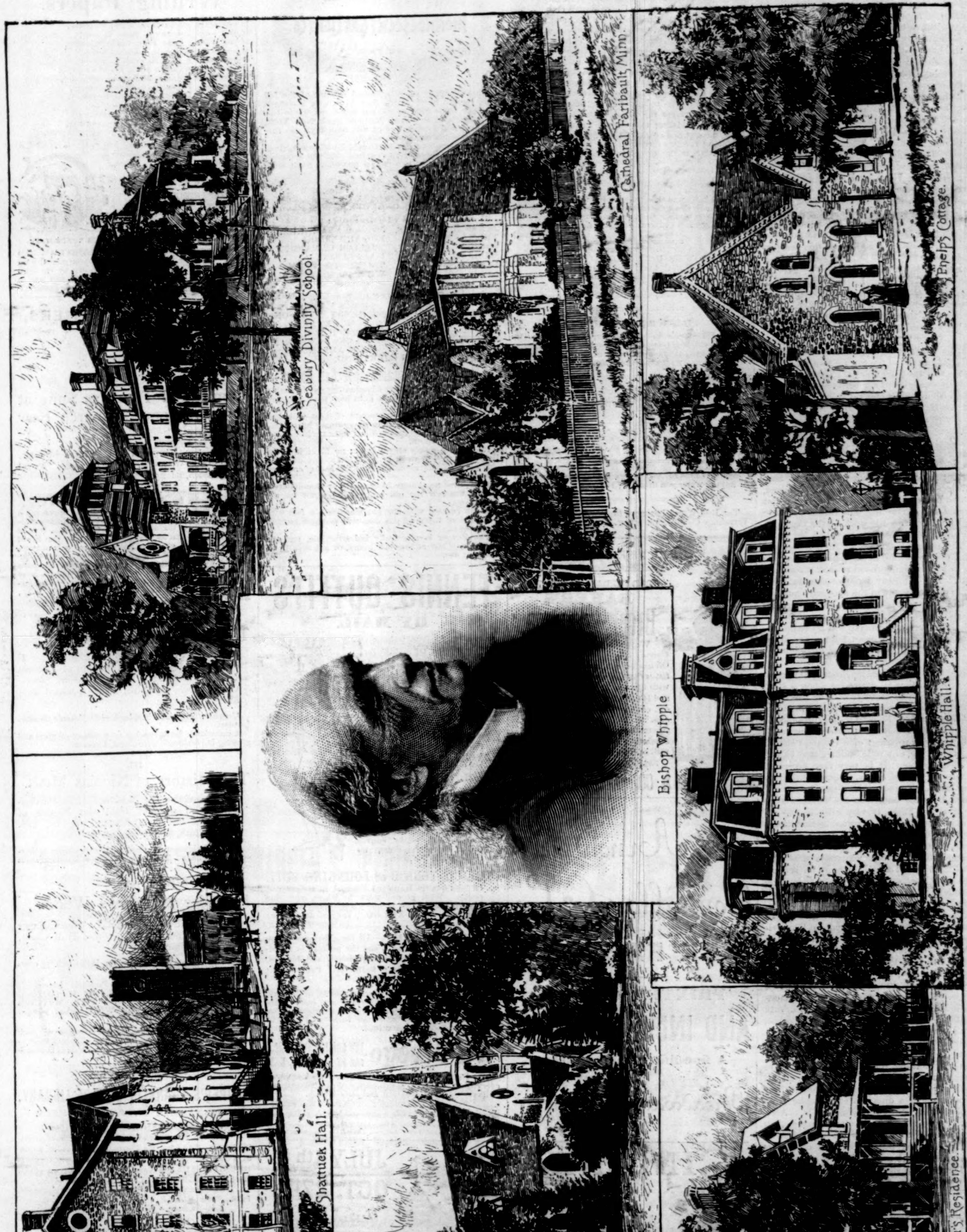
The Hall Championship Cup is a marvel of beauty; it contains 106¼ ounces of silver, and is mounted on an ebony base. On the front of the cup is pictured a ball field, with not only the short stop, pitcher, catcher, and batter, but the down-trodden umpire as well. Over the pictured ball field are the words "Hall Championship Cup," and underneath the picture is "1888." On the front of the ebony base is a silver shield, upon which is to be placed the name, record, and any other inscription that may be required. On each side of the cup, and standing on the handles, is a player in uniform; the one on the right is a pitcher about to deliver the ball, and on the left is a batsman waiting for the ball.

The custom of playing a world's championship series by the clubs of the National League and American Association is of recent date, and until last season did not attract much attention. The games played by the Detroit and St. Louis clubs caused an increase in the interest, and hereafter we may expect the donation of a world's championship cup by some great base-ball lover.





A STREET IN A MINING VILLAGE IN PENNSYLVANIA.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 458.]


Seabury Divinity School.
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Phelps Cottage.
Bishop Whipple
Whipple Hall.
Shattuck Hall.
Shumway Memorial Chapel.
Rector's Residence.

THE WHIPPLE INSTITUTES AND MEMORIAL BUILDINGS AT FARIBAULT, MINNESOTA.—From Photographs.—[See Page 455.]

LIFE IN THE COAL VILLAGES.

The collection of huts about the average coal mine hardly deserves the name of village. In the anthracite regions coal is dug in some of the most beautiful valleys of the country, but nature is not permitted to smile in the immediate vicinity of the homes of the miners. At the mouth of the pit rises a great coal-breaker, tall, ugly, black with dust, filled with clattering machinery. Its hard bare walls are broken by a few windows, so dirty that only a little dismal light struggles in to those who work at breaking the coal into the sizes of commerce. Near the breaker is the culm heap, a mountain of coal dust. The culm heaps intrude themselves into the landscape everywhere. They fill up all the low spaces in the mountains, and stretch themselves out over the valleys, obscuring views, and sending their begriming dust whirling with every wind that crosses them. In the villages they block up the streets. Even in so large and important a place as Scranton they lie directly in the roadway. Where the beauties of the country are not blotted out by the unsightly edifices of this prosperous business, or by its still more unsightly refuse, the owners of the mines reside. The average coal village is like nothing in the purely agricultural regions. Occasionally a New England manufacturing settlement gives strong evidence of the dire poverty of the people. But there is there something to break the monotony of the signs of distress. The mill-owner or his superintendent lives in the village, and the roads are taken care of by the select-men of the town. As a rule, there is no street in the coal village. There is only a road which straggles along between the houses. It is red with iron dust generally, for iron ore and coal do not lie far apart. Into its rough ditches the untidy people shovel the filth that has accumulated in their houses until it becomes an almost impassable mass of nastiness. Pigs and cattle stray over the way at pleasure, but there is no verdure along its sides. Trees do not shade it. The air is thick with the odor of garbage. Sanitary devices are unheard of. There are, indeed, one or two model villages in the whole State, but they would not excite the admiration of those who are familiar with the work of the CHENEYS, the Willimantic Thread Company, and Mr. PULLMAN. The miners live apart. Their employers are great railroad and coal companies. There is no one in their neighborhood to look after their interests. The company builds some huts big enough to give a shelter to the necessary number of people. The rent is very high, and the accommodations are squalid. Occasionally a thrifty and tidy Irish or Welsh woman will try to brighten her home by keeping it clean, but neither cleanliness nor godliness prospers under the blighting influence of the coal mines. The degraded Poles and Hungarians make their neighborhood so completely wretched that all desire for a better state of things seems to be destroyed. The beer-shop is the only place for recreation that is found in most of the villages. Sometimes the presence of an unusually large number of Irish miners will result in the establishment of a Catholic chapel in a deserted store, or a rude building may be put up for the purpose. It is very rare, however, even where the chapel exists, to find a priest in a mining camp. The services of the Church are performed by some one from the nearest large village or city. There is very little of the restraining influence which is exerted by the priests in more favored communities.

There is no town-hall, no library, no news-room, no evidence whatever of the existence of any intellectual activity. There is usually no school, although sometimes, at a distance from the mines, there is one of the little red school-houses which are found everywhere in agricultural communities. The children must do something to add to the family's income. It is illegal in Pennsylvania to employ children in the mines; but the law is constantly broken, and boys of very tender years open and shut the heavy doors in the galleries when the cars pass in and out. The occupation is dangerous, and many of the boys lose their lives. The girls are sent to distant places to work in the mills. There is no time to devote to education.

There is no human existence more purely animal than that which moves on from the cradle to the grave in the coal villages of Pennsylvania. Early in the morning the men and boys go to their work in the mines. The women wait all day anxiously for their return, prepared to hear at any moment of a dreadful catastrophe from the explosion of fire-damp or a cave in. Accidents are very common, much more common than they would be if the laws for the protection of life and prohibiting the employment of minors were enforced. The men and boys are at their work all day, and when they come out of the earth in the evening they are black with coal dust. The dust works its way everywhere, under their clothes and into the very pores of the skin, gradually changing the complexion. It is a blackness that settles down upon everything. It darkens the foliage of the trees and defiles the waters of the running brooks. When the miners and their helpers get home there are household duties to attend to. The boys must milk the goats. The cow, which Mr. ROGERS has put into his picture, is a rare luxury, for a miner must generally be content with goat's milk. The day is passed between working, sleeping, and eating, but the allowance of food to the individual is so small that very little time is devoted to meals. The only diversion is the beer-shop or the strike, and strikes in the coal mines have been growing fewer and less effective for twelve years or more. From day's end to day's end, year in and year out, the miners and their families plod along on their hard, toilsome, brutalizing, grimy path to the grave, joyless and hopeless, their wretched homes in keeping with their still more wretched lives.

H. L. NELSON.

THE STOPS OF AN ORGAN

With such important functions as the liver are of course productive of serious bodily disturbance. When it relaxes its secretive and distributive activity, bile gets into the blood, and tinges the skin and white of the eyes with yellow, the bowels become constipated, the tongue coated, the breath sour. Then come headaches, vertigo, and congestion of the organ, accompanied with pain in its vicinity or under the right shoulder blade. Shall blue pill be the remedy sought? No, for mercury in any form is pernicious. What then? Experience indicates Hostetter's Stomach Bitters as the true remedy for inactivity of the liver. It not only relaxes the bowels without pain, but has a direct stimulating effect upon the hepatic gland itself, the seat and origin of the trouble. All malarial complaint involves disorder of the liver, and of these the Bitters is the most popular curative. It also conquers dyspepsia, nervousness, rheumatism, and kidney troubles.—[*Adv.*]

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When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—
[*Adv.*]

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THE Best Worm Lozenges for Children are Brown's Vermifuge Comfits, 25c. a box.—[*Adv.*]

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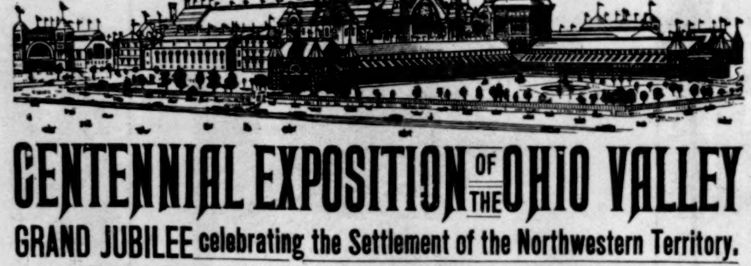

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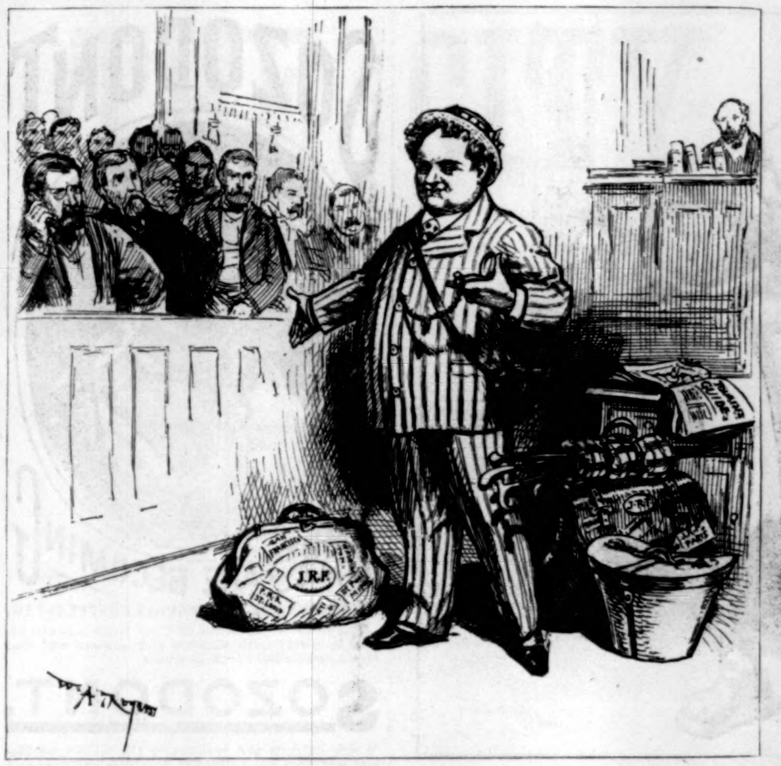

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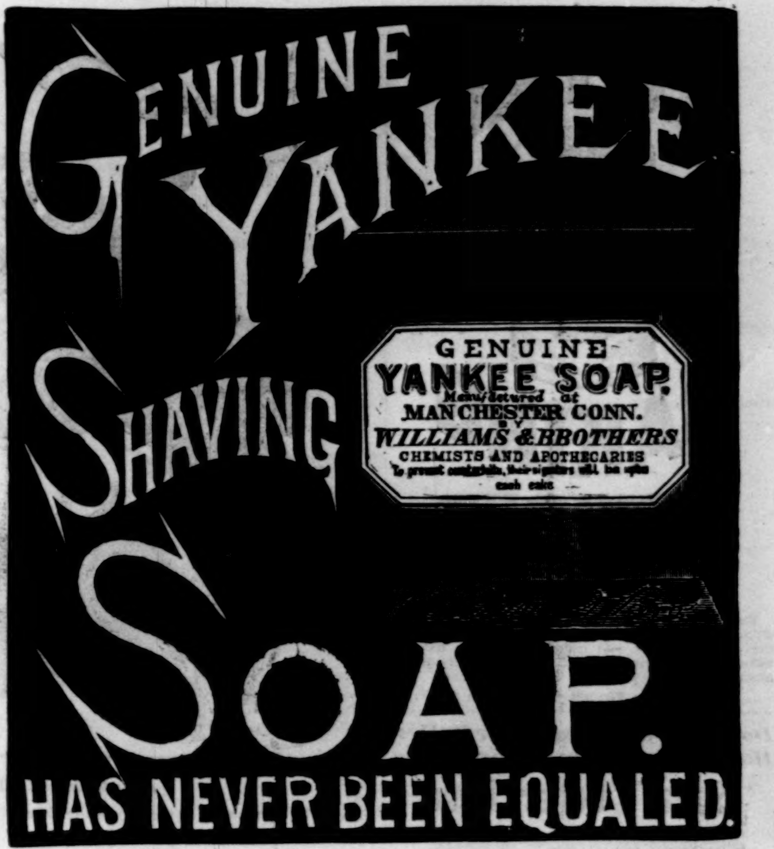

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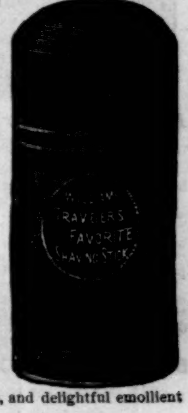

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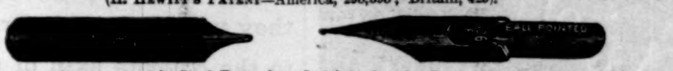

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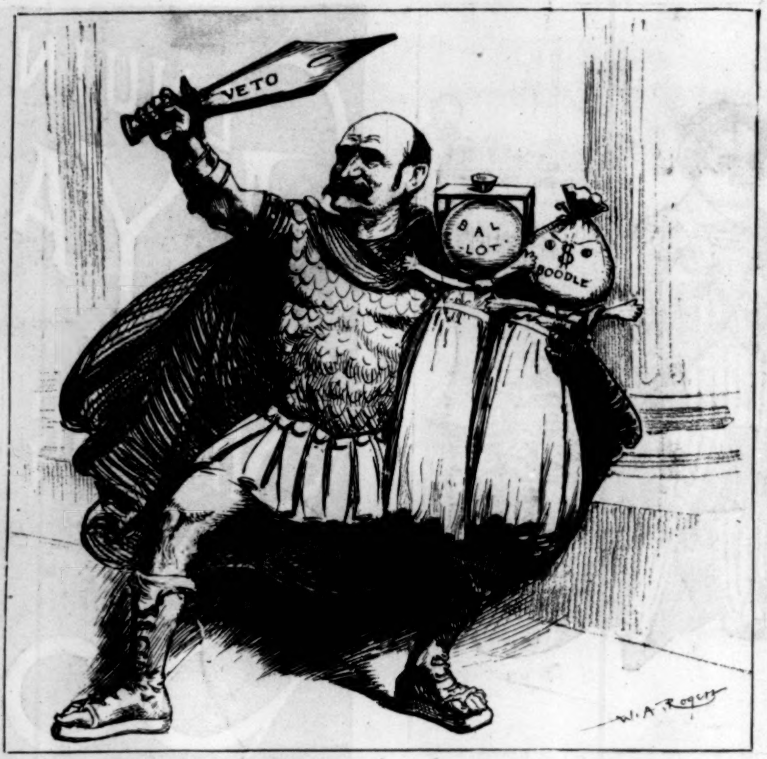

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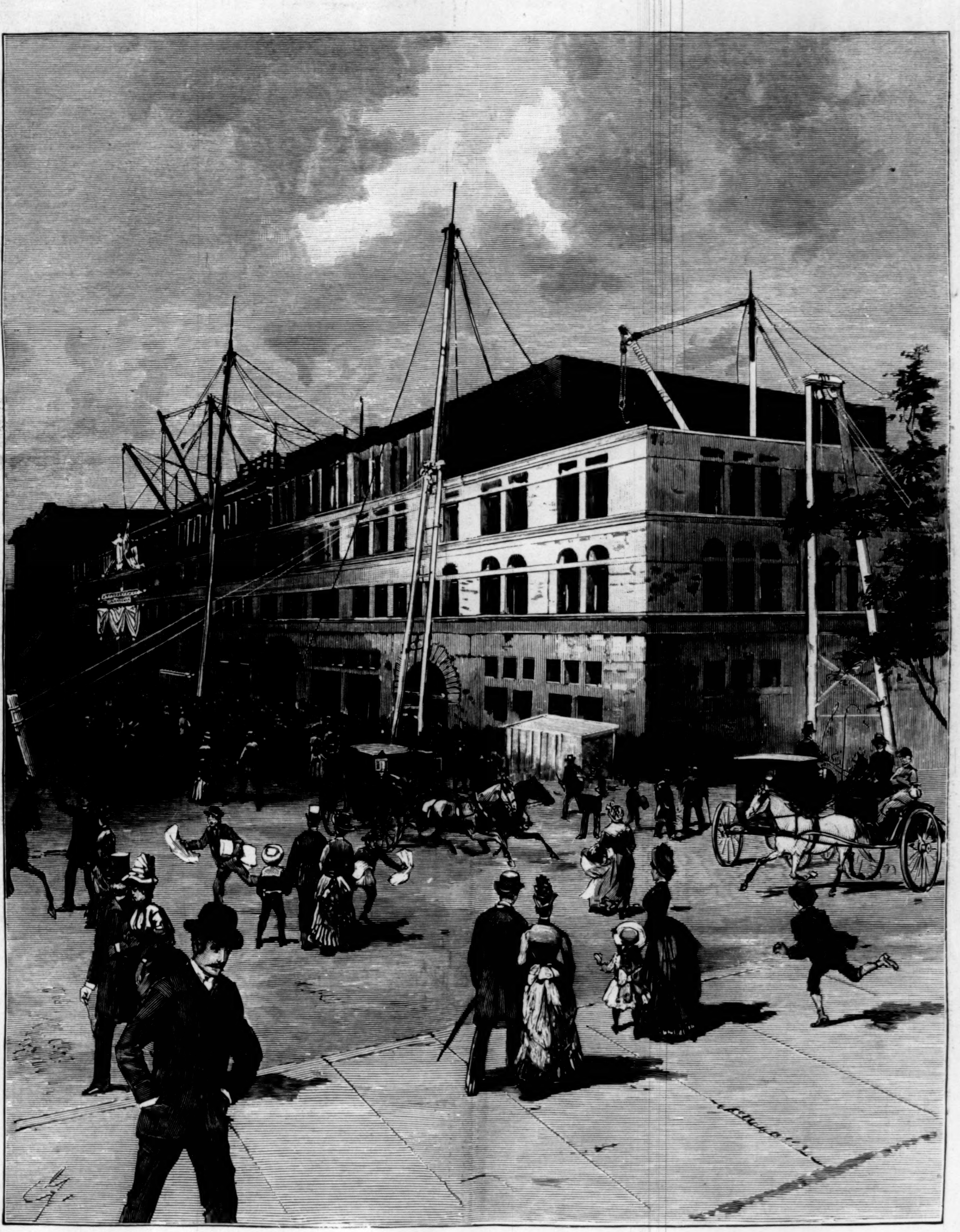
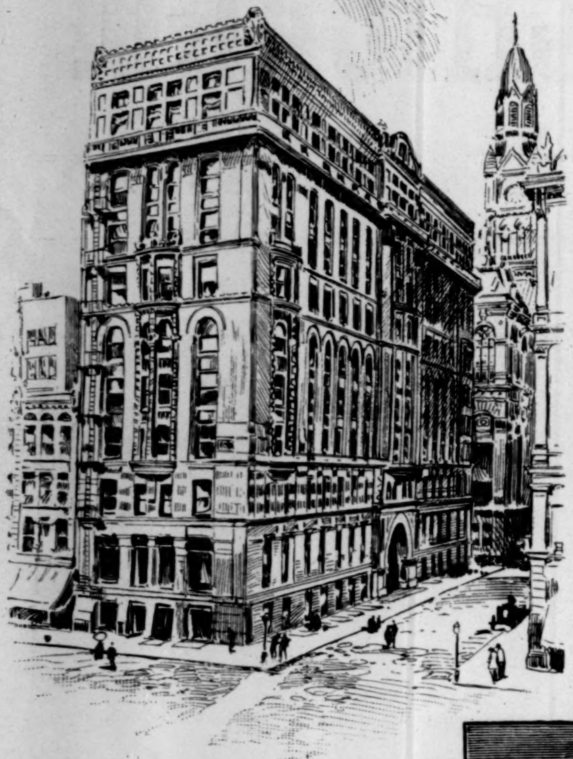
THE CITY OF CHICAGO.

SUPPLEMENT TO HARPER'S WEEKLY, JUNE 23, 1888.

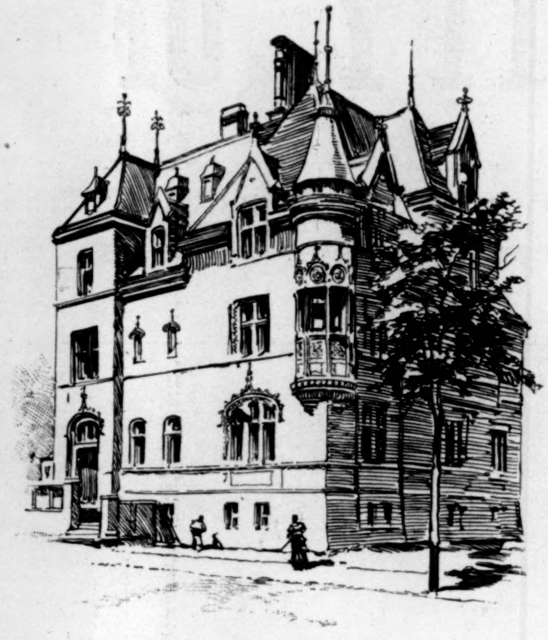


THE AUDITORIUM BUILDING—THE PLACE OF MEETING OF THE NATIONAL REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.

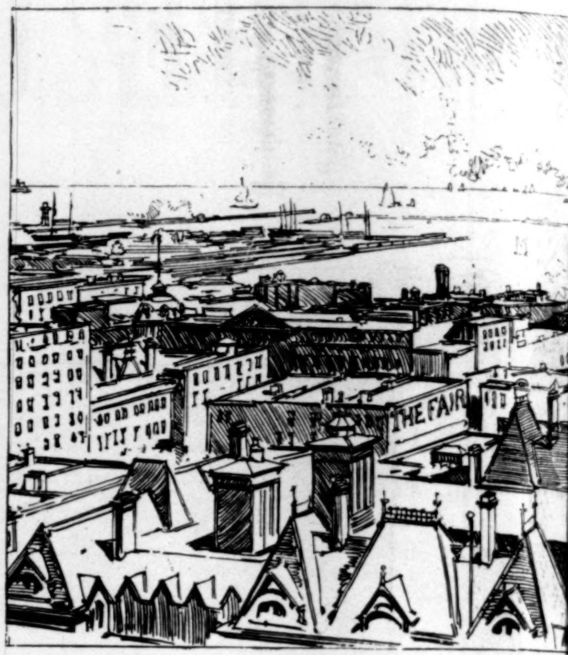
Drawn by Charles Graham from Sketches by Walter Burridge.



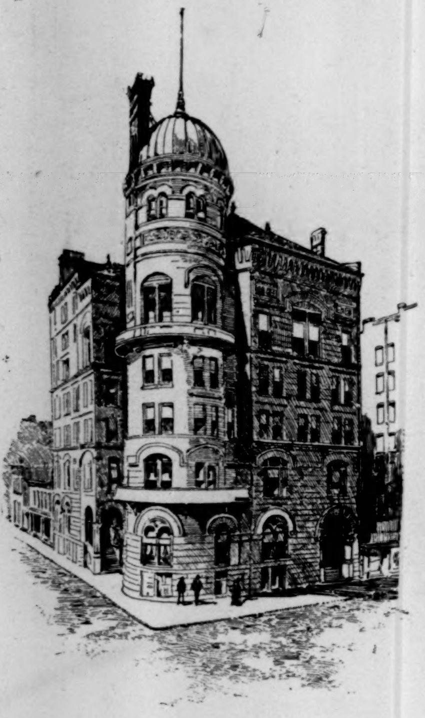
THE PHŒNIX BUILDING.



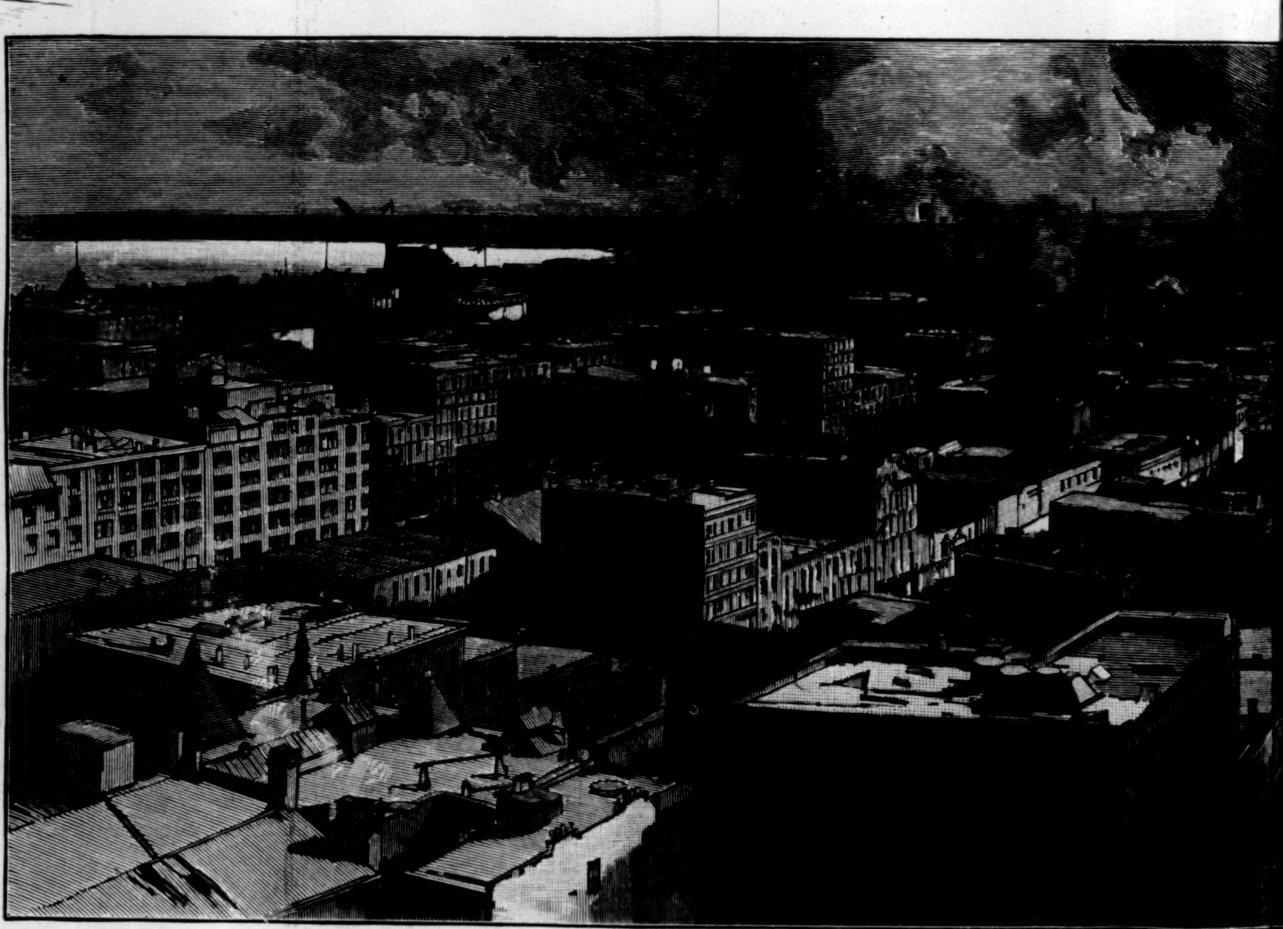
MR. BORDEN'S RESIDENCE.



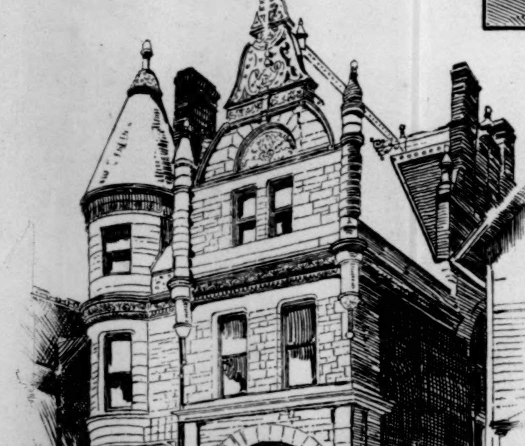
VIEW LOOK



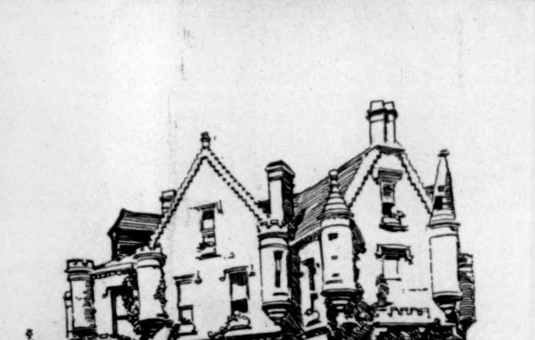
THE UNION LEAGUE CLUB.



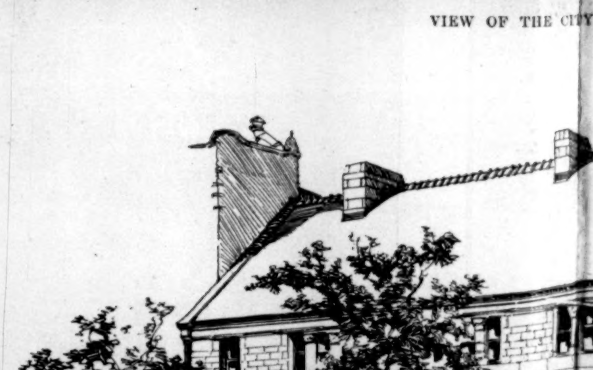
VIEW OF THE CITY



PRIVATE RESIDENCE ON NORTH SIDE.

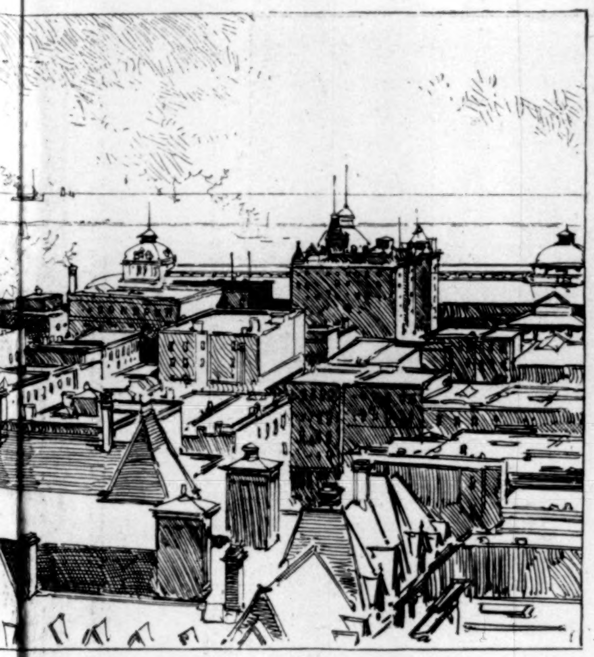


THE SHELDON MANSION.

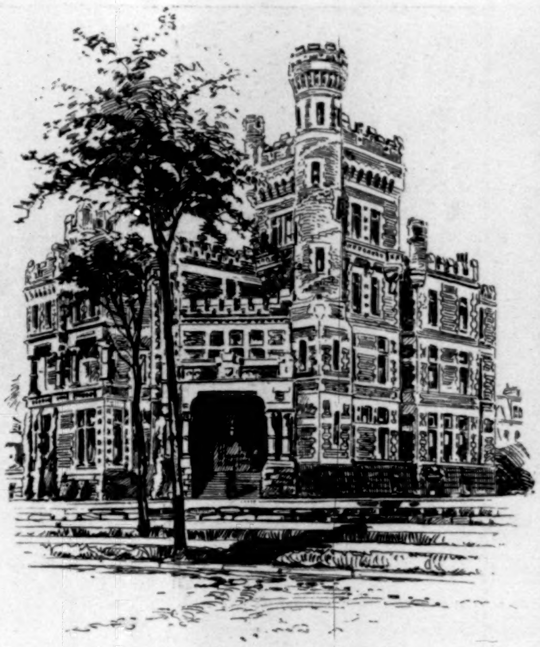


MR. GLESSNE

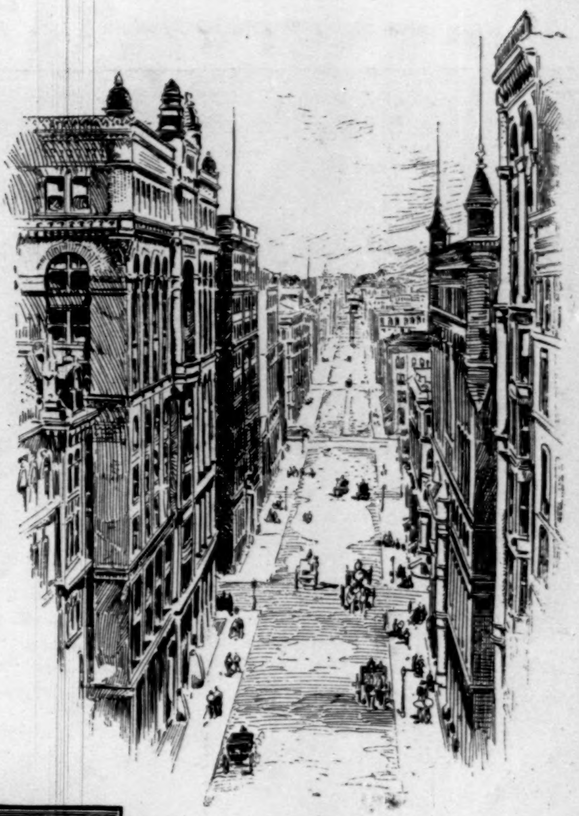
THE CITY OF CHICAGO AND SOME RECENT ADDITIONS TO ITS ARCHITEC



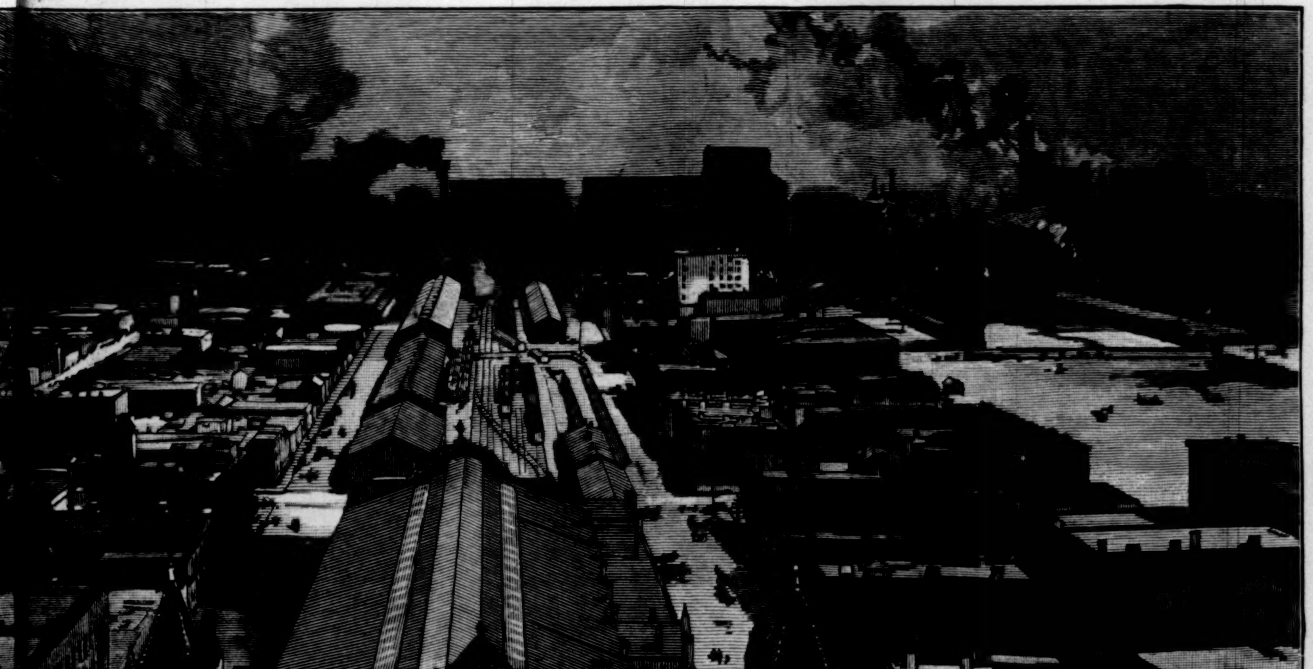
OKING EAST.



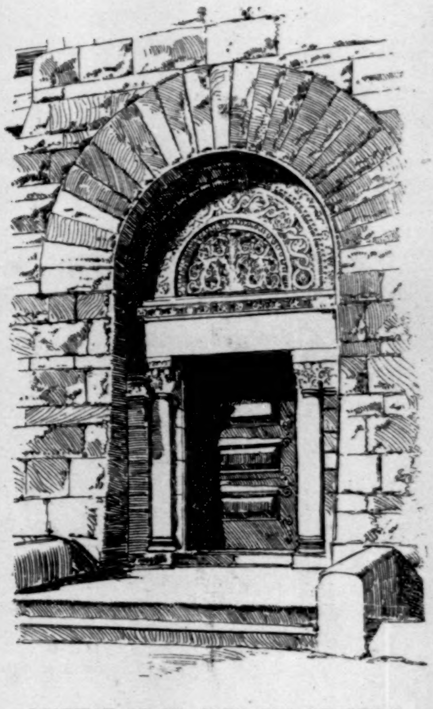
RESIDENCE OF MR. POTTER PALMER.



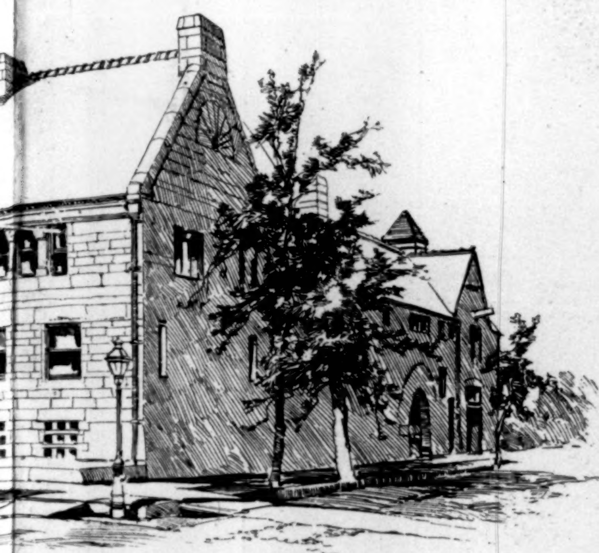
LA SALLE STREET, FROM BOARD OF TRADE TOWER, LOOKING NORTH.



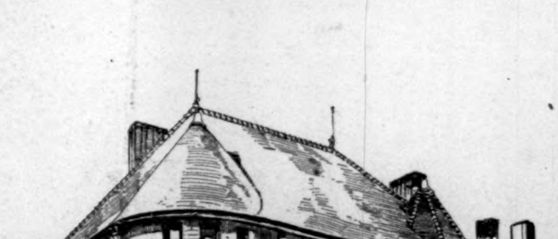
ITY, LOOKING SOUTH.



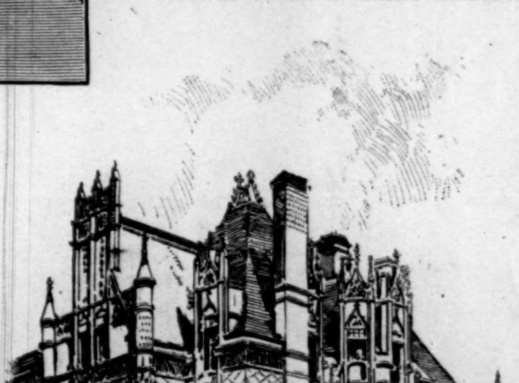
DOORWAY OF MR. McVEAGH'S RESIDENCE.



SSNER'S HOUSE.



RESIDENCE OF MR. FRANKLIN McVEAGH.



RESIDENCE OF MR. C. W. PARTRIDGE.

ECTURE.—Drawn by Charles Graham from Photographs by J. W. Taylor.—[See Page 451.]